FRIENDS
OF ACPL

COUNTY DEPARTMENT CO. SCHOOLS
PUBLIC LIBRARY
FORT WAYNE & ALLEN CO., IND.

j780 C57227
Kinscella
Music appreciation
readers;book three

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

of

Fort Wayne and Allen County, Ind.
Information For Country Borrowers

Books are free to all residents of Allen County. They may be borrowed from the Main Library at Fort Wayne or from any Branch, Reading Room, Deposit Station or School Library in Allen County.

Books will be sent by parcel post, prepaid to any borrower living a distance from a Library Station.

COUNTY DEPARTMENT
ANTHONY 3333

LIBRARY BUREAU CAT. NO. 1165

eaders;
57227
t

STO√

FRIENDS
OF ACPL

Kinscella Music Appreciation Readers

By

HAZEL GERTRUDE KINSCELLA

Illustrations by Ruth Mary Hallock

BOOK THREE

Lincoln · Chicago · New York · Dallas

The University Publishing Company

1926

j780

COPYRIGHT, 1926
THE UNIVERSITY PUBLISHING COMPANY

All Rights Reserved

BA

CO. SCHOOLS
57227

FOREWORD

QUEER, isn't it, to find that there were boys and girls just like you away back and back in the world's history, that they loved birds and music and stories, and that they made merry with play and game and song, even as you do to-day? What a joy, then, to find such clean, wholesome tales of the long ago told in such charming manner as are these!

"Reading maketh a full man," says the old proverb. Read we must, but how delightful to find stories to read that just carry us along, in spite of calls to study or to bed, and which leave behind a very valuable addition to our store of knowledge! How many, I wonder, know the story of Stephen the Crusader or of the faithful Blondel? Did you ever before hear of the Wise Fox?

Now you will know why Indians love flutes. You have played the game, "The Bridge of Avignon," I dare say, but did you ever guess how that bridge was built? Did you ever know so many wonderful things about music? But why not?

Miss Kinscella has brought a chest of rare jewels of thought to boys and girls, set in such imagery, and in such quaint expressions as must always charm, guide, and sparkle while they serve. I wish that every youthful person of whatever age may enjoy

these tales as has this one-time little girl who loved to read and who has never grown up beyond the love of folk tales and myths.

FRANCES ELLIOTT CLARK

PREFACE

THE *Readers in Music Appreciation* contain a choice collection of carefully selected and well-graded literature for young readers. Ample drill in reading, added enjoyment of the stories, and a musical knowledge and atmosphere are given. The teacher, who may sometimes have difficulty in giving the desired background and atmosphere for studies in music appreciation, will find the books a real help. The literature is correlated with the music heard or sung by the reader, who thus prepares himself for the finer appreciation of the music used during the music period.

Book Three of the *Readers in Music Appreciation,* through its reading lessons, offers a simple and logical development of all those phases of Music Appreciation that have been introduced in Books One and Two. Increased knowledge of musical instruments, played either singly or in simple combinations; of stories of the boyhood and youth of many famous composers; of the history of the beginning of music (folk song and dance), and of its development and use in composed and art music, told through folk-lore, fable, and story; and an added enjoyment in the hearing of beautiful music, are results which should follow the study of the reading lessons of Book Three.

Questions form a definite study program, and the "Music to Hear" suggestions direct the pupil to hear the music of which the reading lessons have told.

The author wishes to acknowledge her indebtedness to Peter W. Dykema, Director of Music, Teachers' College, Columbia University; to George Oscar Bowen, Director of Music, Tulsa, Oklahoma; to Paul J. Weaver, Director of Music, University of North Carolina; to Frank A. Beach, Director of Music, State Teachers' College, Emporia, Kansas; to C. A. Fullerton, Director of Music, State Teachers' College, Cedar Falls, Iowa; to Thurlow Lieurance, authority on Indian music; to Elizabeth Burchenal of New York City, authority on Folk Dance; to J. W. Searson and George E. Martin, authors of *Studies in Reading;* to Mrs. L. W. Tinley, Council Bluffs, Iowa, author of *First Steps in Reading;* to M. C. Lefler, Superintendent of Schools, H. O. Ferguson, Director of Music, and Merle Beattie, Supervisor of Reading, of the Lincoln, Nebraska, schools; to Margaret M. Streeter, Lecturer in Music Appreciation; to Adrian M. Newens, Director of the University School of Music, Lincoln, Nebraska; and to Mrs. Frances Elliott Clark, whose friendly encouragement and advice have aided in the preparation of this book.

HAZEL GERTRUDE KINSCELLA

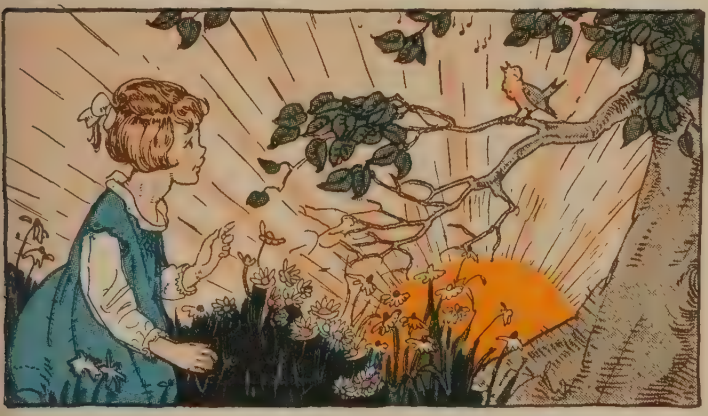
CONTENTS

		PAGE
Bird Language	*Florence B. Steiner*	1
Marching Song	*Robert Louis Stevenson*	2
The Shepherd Boy Who Built a Bridge	*French Folk Tale*	3
Folk Songs and Folk Dances	*H. G. K.*	9
On the Bridge at Avignon	*H. G. K.*	10
Who Has Seen the Wind?	*Christina G. Rossetti*	14
How Sly Fox Lost His Dinner	*Adapted from Grimm*	15
The Cricket	*Clinton Scollard*	17
The Windmill Country	*Miriam S. Clark*	18
A Brave Drummer Boy of France	*H. G. K.*	19
The Sandman	*Mina C. Pfirshing*	23
The Sandman's Sack	*Adapted from Old Lullaby*	24
The Boy and the Nightingale	*Adapted from Æsop*	25
The Wind and the Leaves	*George Cooper*	27
The Fox and His Flute	*A Pueblo Indian Legend*	28
The Sandman	*M. L. B.*	34
Looby Loo	*H. G. K.*	35
The Owl	*Anna Schutze*	39
The Selfish Little Tree	*Old Russian Fable*	40
Jack O'Lantern	*Anna Chandler Ayer*	42
The Town Musicians	*Retold from Grimm*	43
Fireflies	*Helen Virginia Frey*	52
Round and Round the Village	*Old Singing Game*	53
In the Autumn	*Unknown*	55

		PAGE
NOVEMBER	*Anonymous*	55
AN INDIAN GAME SONG	*A True Story*	56
INDIAN CHILDREN	*Annette Wynne*	59
THE MUSICIAN OF THE WOODEN SHOE	*H. G. K.*	60
STEPHEN, THE BOY CRUSADER	*H. G. K.*	63
FAIRY JEWELS	*Frank Dempster Sherman*	70
THE FAITHFUL MINSTREL	*H. G. K.*	71
WE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT ARE	*Hopkins*	77
THE FIRST NOWELL	*Old French Carol*	78
CHRISTMAS IN FRANCE	*H. G. K.*	79
GOD REST YOU, MERRY GENTLEMEN	*Old English Carol*	81
WOLFF AND HIS WOODEN SHOE	*Adapted from the French of François Coppée*	82
WHEN SANTA CLAUS COMES	*Unknown*	87
A CHRISTMAS CAROL	*Old Carol*	88
A SUITE IN MUSIC	*H. G. K.*	89
THE NUTCRACKER SUITE	*H. G. K.*	92
THE NUTCRACKER AND THE MOUSE KING	*Adapted from Hoffman*	94
BEST WISHES FOR BUNNIES	*Emily Rose Burt*	98
CHICKADEE-DEE	*Unknown*	99
THE DRUM THAT TALKED	*A True Story*	100
DRUM CALLS	*H. G. K.*	103
AN ARMY OF TWO	*An Incident from History*	105
GROUP MUSIC	*H. G. K.*	111
THE STRING FAMILY	*H. G. K.*	113
POLKA	*Abbie Farwell Brown*	118

		PAGE
The Violin	*Stephen Tracy Livingston*	119
Putting the World to Bed	*Esther W. Buxton*	120
Bell Music	*H. G. K.*	121
Bells in China	*A Story of China*	123
Chinese Kites	*Rose Mills Powers*	126
Bells in Spain and Africa	*H. G. K.*	127
Singing	*Robert Louis Stevenson*	128
Lightly Row	*Spanish Folk Song*	129
Bells in Norway	*H. G. K.*	130
Bells in Other Lands and Places	*H. G. K.*	132
Noon Prayer	*Anonymous*	134
Court Music	*H. G. K.*	135
Under the Window	*Kate Greenaway*	137
March Advice	*Rachel L. Field*	138
A Japanese Birthday Party	*H. G. K.*	139
May Day in Japan	*H. G. K.*	143
Cherry Blossoms	*Amy Thornton Swartz*	145
The First Buttercups	*Old English Legend*	146
An Indian Boy and His Flute	*A True Story*	149
The Making of a Song	*H. G. K.*	154
Indian Music	*H. G. K.*	157
An Indian Lullaby	*A Pueblo Indian Lullaby*	160
Follow Me	*Eliza Lee Follen*	163
The Fairy	*Anonymous*	164
The First Water Lily	*Old Indian Legend*	165
Robert Schumann	*H. G. K.*	168
A Message	*Maud M. Goetting*	170

		PAGE
A Festival in Brittany	*H. G. K.*	171
Prayer at Dusk	*Anonymous*	177
A Pleasant Day	*Old Rhyme*	178
Georges Bizet	*H. G. K.*	179
May Baskets	*Annette Wynne*	181
Of a Tailor and a Bear	*Adapted from Grimm*	182
The Chinese Nightingale	*Old Legend of China*	185
The Fountain	*James Russell Lowell*	189
Sweet and Low	*Tennyson*	190
The Famous Water Music	*H. G. K.*	191
A Prayer	*Anonymous*	197
The Rain Harp	*Frank Dempster Sherman*	198
The Pied Piper of Hamelin and His Flute	*Old German Legend*	199
Records Used with Lessons		207
Alphabetical List of Music and Records Used		211



BIRD LANGUAGE*

The little birdie on this tree
  Is singing sweetly now for me,
I'm sure he's glad the livelong day
  His songs are all so bright and gay.

Once when a bird was singing loud,
  I told him I would be so proud
If only I his language knew—
  But off the little birdie flew.

—Florence B. Steiner.

Music to Hear:
"Listen to the Mocking Bird"—*Winner.*

*From *Country Life*, used by the courteous permission of, and by special arrangement with, the author.

MARCHING SONG*

Bring the comb and play upon it!
Marching, here we come!
Willie cocks his highland bonnet,
Johnnie beats the drum.

Mary Jane commands the party,
Peter leads the rear;
Feet in time, alert and hearty,
Each a Grenadier!

All in the most martial manner
Marching double-quick;
While the napkin like a banner
Waves upon a stick!

Here's enough of fame and pillage,
Great commander Jane!
Now that we've been round the village,
Let's go home again.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

Music to Hear:
"March of the Toys" (Babes in Toyland)—*Victor Herbert.*

*Used by the courteous permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE SHEPHERD BOY WHO BUILT A BRIDGE

This is an old French folk tale. A folk tale is an old, old story about something that has happened many years ago, and which may, at first, be entirely true. Then for maybe one, two, or three hundred years—or more, it is told and retold. Each person who has told it may have changed the story a little, at different times, or added to it, until it finally becomes half history and half legend.

THE SHEPHERD BOY WHO BUILT A BRIDGE

In the southern part of France there is a very old town that was standing, much the same as it is now, before Christopher Columbus discovered America. At that time, a wide river ran through the center of the town, and all about the town was built a high wall of stone. Watch towers were built at several places on the wall. From there, soldiers used to keep a lookout for enemies. The town was called Avignon (Av'-een-yon).

Strange to say, there was no bridge across the river for many years. Soon after the first houses were built, the people built a fine wooden bridge over the river. But each spring, when the great piles of snow melted on the mountains, the water would dash down and wash the bridge away.

There were no great machines in those days, such as we have now, for lifting heavy stones and big pieces of iron, so all the bridges had to be made of wood. The people re-built the bridge many times, but it was washed away again each spring. At last, they gave it up altogether. When they wanted to cross the river, they did so by means of small rowboats.

An old legend tells us that there lived, at the same time, away up in the mountains, a widow with her only boy. The mother earned a living for herself and her boy by keeping sheep. The boy did his part by caring for the sheep as they wandered over the mountain side eating the grass which grew there.

One day, while the shepherd boy was watching the sheep, he thought that he heard some one

speak to him, telling him to go down to Avignon and build a bridge. When the shepherd boy looked around, there was no one there, so he decided that he must have fallen asleep and that he had dreamed.

On the next day, he again took the sheep up to the mountain to graze. While they grazed, he amused himself by playing sweet music on his shepherd's pipe, or flute. Suddenly, he heard a voice behind him. It told him again, as it had done the day before, to go down to Avignon and build a bridge.

Although he could see no one, the shepherd boy answered the voice. "I cannot go to Avignon

and I could *never* build a bridge, for I am but a little boy," he said.

However, so the legend tells us, the voice spoke to him again the next day, for the third time. The boy was so frightened that he ran all the way home to tell his mother.

To his surprise, his mother told him to obey the voice and go to Avignon.

"I will take care of the sheep while you are at Avignon," she said. "You must always obey the voice which tells you what your duty is."

So the shepherd boy started for Avignon. Sometimes, as he walked along, he would play a lively tune on his shepherd's pipe, for company.

It was Sunday when he reached Avignon, and as he came into the market square the church service was over and people were coming out of church. A number of people spoke to him and asked him his name, and where he was from.

"Why have you come to Avignon?" some asked. They laughed when he told them that he had come to build a bridge over the river.

All this made him feel very lonely, and he

© *Brown Bros. N. Y.*

THE BRIDGE AT AVIGNON

wished that his mother were there to tell him what he should do.

Not knowing where to go, he wandered down to the river and sat down on its bank. When he saw the wide stream, he felt, more surely than ever, that he could never build a bridge across.

Feeling very sad, he took his little pipe, or flute, from his pocket and began to play one of the sweet melodies he had so often played on the mountain while watching the sheep.

To his surprise, as soon as he had started play-

ing, a great stone moved out into the water and settled down in it, part of the way across.

The old folk tale goes on to tell us that from that time on, a great stone moved out over the water each time the tune was played, until, at last, the great stone bridge was finished.

The people who live in Avignon will all tell you, should you go there, that the bridge was built by the magic power of good music. They say that the tune the shepherd boy played, that day so long ago, was "On the Bridge at Avignon."

—*French Folk Tale.*

QUESTIONS

1. What is a folk tale?
2. Why did the shepherd boy play music on his flute while he watched the sheep?
3. What did the voice tell the shepherd boy to do?
4. When the young boy was feeling sad at Avignon what did he do to comfort himself?
5. What happened when he played the first sweet melody? What melody was it?
6. Do you know any other stories in which music played a big part? Be ready to tell them to the class.

Music to Hear:

"On the Bridge at Avignon"—*French Folk Song.*

FOLK SONGS AND FOLK DANCES

A folk song grows in much the same way as a folk tale does. Some one sings it, and it is then sung time after time, by children and by grown people. Such a song is often sung in the country in which it is started, for hundreds of years. At last the song becomes as much a part of that country as is the history of the country.

Just as "On the Bridge at Avignon" is an old folk song of southern France, so "All Through the Night" belongs to Wales, and "Auld Lang Syne" to Scotland. Nearly every country in the world has its own folk songs, which are very pretty to hear.

When a folk song is sung while people dance to its music, it is also called a folk dance.

—*H. G. K.*

QUESTIONS

1. Tell of any folk songs which you may know.
2. To what countries do they belong?
3. Which of the three folk songs mentioned might also be called a folk dance?

Folk Songs to Sing and to Hear:

"All Through the Night"—*Old Welsh Folk Song.*
"Auld Lang Syne"—*Old Scotch Folk Song.*

ON THE BRIDGE AT AVIGNON

In France, just as in other countries, people often celebrate their holidays with games and dancing.

The place they like best to meet for such folk dances, in Avignon, is on the great stone bridge.

Here, the men, women, and children dance French folk dances for hours, singing as they dance.

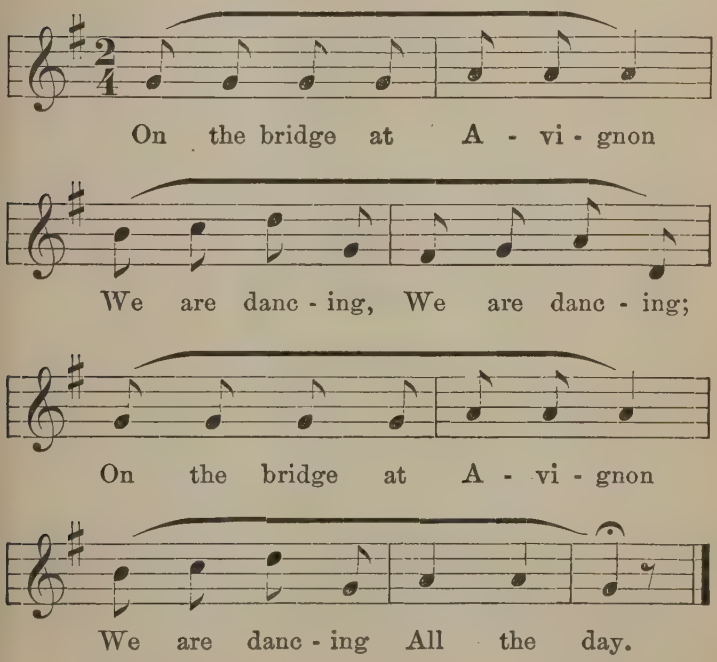
The folk song they like best of all is "On the Bridge at Avignon."

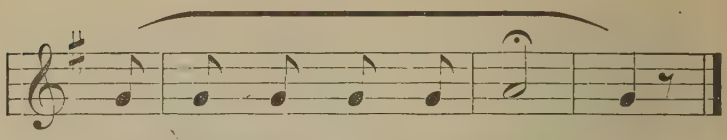
You can learn to do this singing game, or folk dance, too. This is the way it is played:

After marching through the streets in a parade behind the town band, the people come to the

great, broad, stone bridge. Then they all start singing.

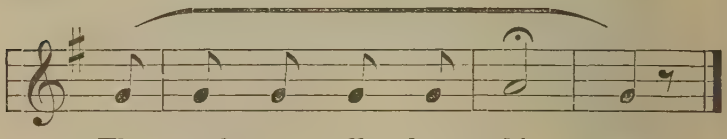
The curious thing about the song they sing is that the chorus comes first. In most songs the verse comes first, and then the chorus. Here, everybody joins in singing this chorus first:

ON THE BRIDGE AT AVIGNON

Then some leader will sing out from the crowd, and will bow politely to the lady nearest to him.



The gentle-men all bow this way.

At once, the whole crowd will repeat the line after him, and each man will bow to the nearest lady.



The gentle-men all bow this way.

Then everybody sings the chorus again. By the time that is sung, someone in the crowd is ready with a new line, which is at once repeated and acted out. Here are some of the lines they sing:

"The ladies all bow this way" (a deep curtsey).

"The soldiers all do this way" (a salute).

"The babies all do this way" (they rub fists in both eyes, as if crying).

"The donkeys all do this way" (they flap donkey ears with their hands, by the sides of their heads).

The chorus is repeated after *each* new line and

the dancing goes on all the time. Sometimes the dance goes on for hours. If someone becomes tired and steps out of the dance, someone else is probably ready to take his place.

In many French provinces it is considered a disgrace for a boy or girl not to know the folk dances of France.

—*H. G. K.*

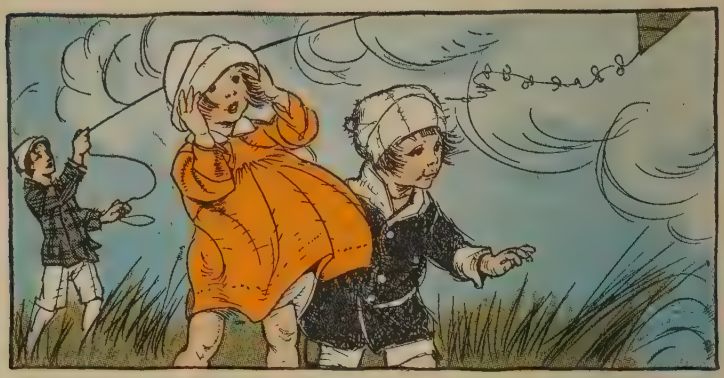
QUESTIONS

1. What is a folk song?
2. Sing any folk song which you know.
3. Tell of any folk songs which we have in our country.
4. What is a folk dance?
5. Name or play a singing game like "London Bridge."
6. Why do the people of Avignon dance on the stone bridge?
7. Sing "On the Bridge at Avignon" and act out each verse as you sing it.
8. Make up new verses and act them.
9. What instrument did the shepherd boy play?
10. What kind of sound does this instrument make?

Music to Sing and to Play:

"On the Bridge at Avignon" (sometimes called "In the Spring")—*Old French Folk Song.*

"London Bridge"—*Old English Singing Game.*



WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?*

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you;
But when the leaves hang trembling,
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I;
But when the trees bow down their heads,
The wind is passing by.

—*Christina G. Rossetti.*

A Song to Hear and to Sing:
"Who Has Seen the Wind?"—*Alys Bentley.*

* Used by the courteous permission of The Macmillan Company.

HOW SLY FOX LOST HIS DINNER

MR. FOX: I am just in time. Here are some nice fat ducks and a turkey. They are so close together that I can catch them all, very easily, one after the other.

(*Speaking to the ducks and the turkey, in a very friendly manner.*) Good morning, Pretty Ducks! Good morning, dear Mr. Turkey!

THE DUCKS AND TURKEY (*very frightened*): Oh, you have come to eat us, Mr. Fox! Please do not eat us. Please let us go back safe to our home in the barn!

MR. FOX: No! I will not let you go. I shall eat you up, every one!

THE DUCKS AND TURKEY: Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

FIRST DUCK: It is very hard for us poor fowls to lose our lives in this way. Please let us do one thing before we die, Mr. Fox.

THE TURKEY: Yes, please let us all have just one wish. Afterwards we will all stand up before you in a row, so that you may choose the fattest and the best.

MR. FOX: What is it that you all want?

FIRST DUCK: Let us have one hour in which to say our prayers before you eat us.

SECOND DUCK: Please do, Mr. Fox!

MR. FOX: Well that is fair, and I am quite willing. Begin your prayers now, and I will sit down beside you and wait for you to finish. (*He sits down.*)

THE DUCKS AND THE TURKEY (*standing in a row, all begin to talk very loudly*): Quack! Quack! Gobble! Gobble! Quack! Gobble!

MR. FOX: Such a noise! Can't you pray more quietly?

DUCKS AND TURKEY (*still louder*): QUACK! QUACK! QUACK! GOBBLE! GOBBLE! GOBBLE! QUACK!

FARMER (*working at the barn*): Whatever is the matter with those ducks and the turkey? (*Going to the door and looking toward the meadow.*) There is Sly Fox! He will eat them up! (*Farmer runs out into the meadow.*)

MR. FOX (*seeing the farmer coming, hurries away*): There goes my nice dinner! How foolish I was not to eat it at once!

—*Adapted from Grimm.*

QUESTIONS

1. How did the ducks and the turkey save themselves from Sly Fox?
2. Do the ducks and turkey have musical voices? Explain.

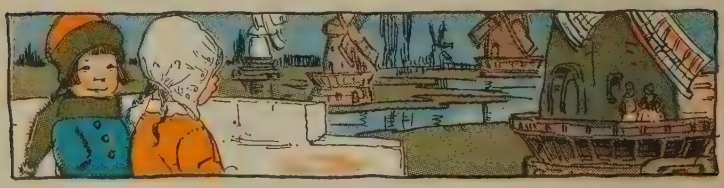
Music to Hear and to Sing:
"Mr. Duck and Mr. Turkey"—*Neidlinger.*

THE CRICKET*

Little Cricket in the grass,
I can hear you as I pass;
I, like you, when night grows deep,
Like to sing myself to sleep.

—*Clinton Scollard.*

* From *The Youth's Companion.*



THE WINDMILL COUNTRY*

There is a country, so they say,
  Where windmills grow, like trees;
Where arms, instead of branches, reach
  To meet the coming breeze;
And all the little children there,
  With clumping wooden shoes,
May seek their friendly shade to play
  As often as they choose.

How strange 'twould be when winter comes,
  And all the other trees
Are shedding leaves of brown and red
  To gather if we please,
To see the windmills drop their arms,
  And all across the land,
The little girls and boys come out
  To find them on the sand.

—Miriam S. Clark.

Music to Hear and to Sing:
"The Windmill"—*Folk Song.*

* From *The Youth's Companion.*

A BRAVE DRUMMER BOY OF FRANCE

Many long years ago, in the land of France, there lived a small boy whose first name was André.*

When André was five years old, his father and mother gave him a bright red drum for a birthday present. André loved to beat upon his drum, and many days, after school, he and his friends played at "being soldiers." Then they would march up and down the village street, with André always at the front, leading them.

"When I grow up, I shall be a drummer in the army," said André, one day.

Time went on, and André joined the army as a drummer boy.

Soon, he was called to go to war, and it was then that André did the brave deed that won a victory for his country.

The name of the great French general who commanded the army was Napoleon. He had only a small army, not even half so large as that of his

* This boy's name was André Estinne. The battle of which this story tells was the Battle of Arcola, fought in 1796.

enemy. In the battle of which this story tells, Napoleon wanted to cross a bridge, which had been built across a deep river, with his army. But he could not cross the bridge, because the enemy had made their camp just at the other end of it.

There the enemy stayed, watching and waiting, ready to shoot or to catch any French soldiers who might try to march over the bridge.

So, for hours, the two armies waited, watching each other all the time.

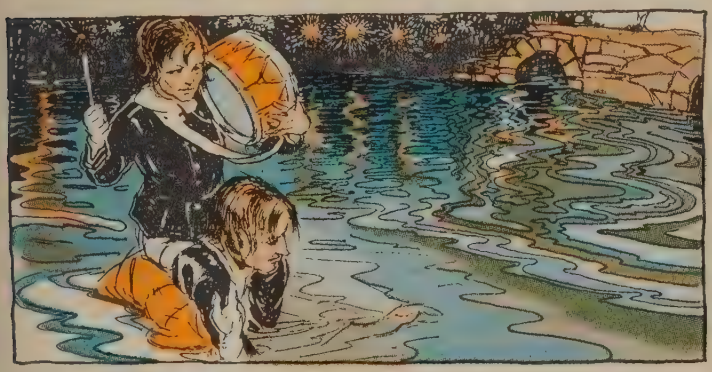
Night came on. After it was dark, a French soldier came in to report to the head officer.

"We should try to cross the bridge to-night," said André.

"Yes, we should," answered the soldier. "But whoever sets foot on that bridge will be shot down by the enemy."

André started back to the camp. Then the soldier called after him, "Can you swim?"

"Yes," answered André, "but not with my drum. It would soon be soaked with water. If it were even a little bit wet, I should not be able



to beat it when I reached the other side of the river."

"I know what we must do," said the soldier. "I will swim for you, and you shall ride across on my shoulders."

Together they went down to the river's edge. The soldier waded out into the water, and André climbed on to his shoulders. Then they started across.

As the soldier swam, André sat up very straight, and held his drum high up out of the water. So, they crossed the river in the dark, André beating loudly on his drum all the way.

The enemy, on the other shore, heard the sound of the drum coming nearer and nearer,

louder and louder. They thought that the whole French army was coming, too. It was so dark that they could not see. So they picked up their things and ran.

A large number of the French soldiers marched safely over the bridge, and when morning came, there was a French army camped at each end, and the Battle of Arcola was won.

All this took place more than a hundred years ago. Soon after it happened, the people of France made a stone statue of André, and put it in a great street in the city of Paris. There the statue still stands, and the people of France still remember their brave drummer boy.

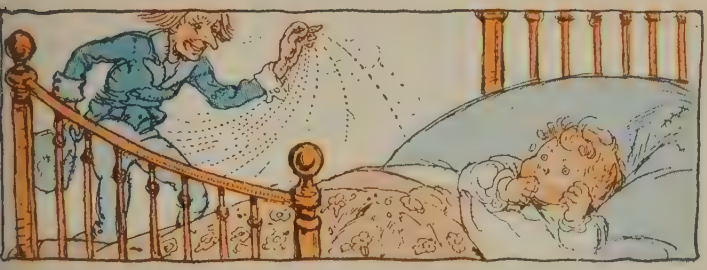
—*H. G. K.*

QUESTIONS

1. Why did André love to play on his red drum?
2. What did André do when he grew up?
3. How does the drum help soldiers to march?
4. Why was André afraid of getting his drum wet?
5. Tell how the soldier took André across the river.
6. How did André's drum help win the battle?

Music to Hear:

"The Marseillaise"—*de Lisle* (duh leel')—*French National Air.*



THE SANDMAN*

Dost thou know the little sandman
with his tiny bag of sand,
Who in white wool slippers hastens
over all the silent land?
He steals gently up the staircase,
lightly, lightly as a mouse,
Peeps at all the lovely children
lying dreaming in the house.
When he finds in some soft cradle
shining eyes still clear and bright,
He just drops some golden sand grains
on each lid so pure and white.
They droop slowly down and downward
like the petals of a rose,
Then the busy Sandman smiling
to the next door neighbor goes.

* The music setting by G. A. Grant-Schaefer. The text is used by the courteous permission of Clayton F. Summy Co.

Dost thou know the little Sandman
with his tiny bag of sand?
Dost thou know the little Sandman?

— *Mina C. Pfirshing.*

THE SANDMAN'S SACK

First Child: What has the old man on his back?

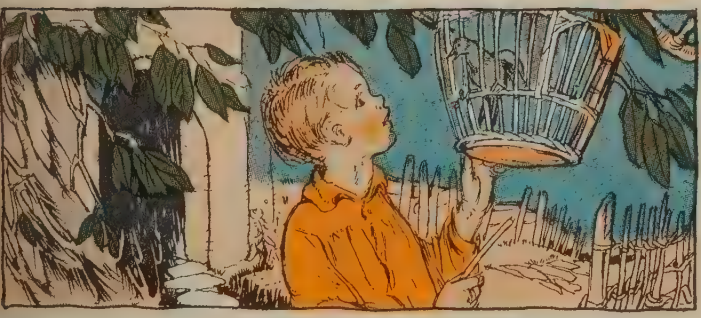
Second Child: The old man carries a little sack.

First Child: What is there in it? Tell, if you're wise;

Second Child: Why, sand to throw in the children's eyes.

—*Adapted from Old Lullaby.*

Famous Slumber Songs to Hear:
"The Sandman"—*Grant-Schaefer.*
"Hush-a-bye, Angel"—*Bohemian Folk Song.*
"Lullaby"—*Brahms.*
"Cradle Song"—*Schubert.*



THE BOY AND THE NIGHTINGALE

One night, after a poor boy had gone to bed, he heard a nightingale singing a beautiful song, as it sat in a tree outside his window.

The song of the nightingale was so sweet that the next night, when he should have been asleep, the boy set a trap and caught the bird.

THE BOY AND THE NIGHTINGALE

THE BOY (*to the nightingale*): Now, nightingale, I have caught you, you shall always sing for me.

THE NIGHTINGALE: I am very sorry to disappoint you, Little Boy, but we nightingales never sing when we are in a cage.

THE BOY: Then I shall have you cooked, and eat you.

THE NIGHTINGALE: Oh, do not kill me! Let me go free, and I will tell you three things that are worth much more than I am.

(*The boy lets the nightingale out of the cage, and it flies up into the tree.*)

THE BOY: Now, Sweet Nightingale, tell me the three things which you promised you would tell when I set you free.

THE NIGHTINGALE: All right. This is the first thing: Never believe what anyone says when he is in a trap.

Second: Keep what you have, when you have it.

And the third thing is: Don't cry over what you have lost forever.

(*The nightingale then flew far away.*)

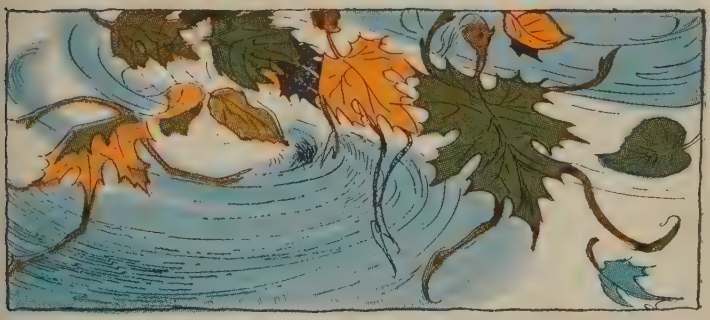
—*Adapted from Æsop.*

QUESTIONS

1. When does the nightingale sing?
2. What kind of song does it have?
3. Tell why the boy wanted to catch the nightingale.

Music to Hear:

"Nightingale Song"—*Zeller.*
"Warblings at Eve"—*Richards*



THE WIND AND THE LEAVES

"Come, little leaves," said the wind, one day,
"Come o'er the meadows with me and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold,
Summer is gone, and the days grow cold."

Dancing and flying the little leaves went;
Winter had called them, and they were content.
Soon fast asleep in their earthy beds,
The snow laid a coverlet over their heads.

—*George Cooper.*

Music to Sing and to Hear:
"The Leaves' Party"—*Gaynor.*

THE FOX AND HIS FLUTE

Long ago, a band of Indians lost their brave chief.

The Indians were very lonely. "Whom shall we have for Chief now?" they said. But no one could answer their question.

Just then Wise Fox came by. This was in the days before the animals had lost the power to speak.

"I will be your new chief," said Wise Fox. So, he went on to the village and called all the Indians together.

When the Indians had all climbed down into their meeting house, which was a big room that had been dug out, under the ground, Wise Fox said again, "I am going to be your new chief."

The Indians talked for a while, and then said to Wise Fox,

"All right, we will take you for our chief."

So Wise Fox went away to his den to get all his belongings. After he had gone, one Indian said to the others, "I do not think we want Wise Fox for our chief."

After he had said this, the Indians talked it over again, and decided that this was true. So when Wise Fox came back, the Indians told him that they had changed their minds.

Wise Fox was very sorry to hear this.

"Maybe I will be their chief yet," he said to himself.

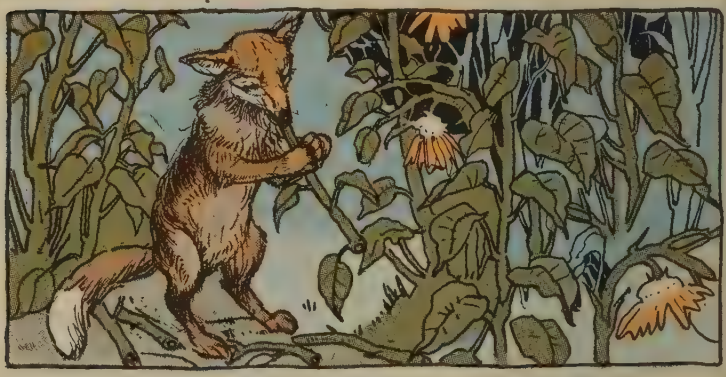
Then he went out to the edge of a lake not far away, and sat down to think.

"Something must be done," thought Wise Fox. "The Indians really need me for a chief, and I would always be very kind to them and they would soon grow to like me."

Wise Fox kept on thinking. After a while he happened to look around. He noticed that there were a great many sunflower stalks standing around him swaying in the breeze.

"They are just the thing!" said Wise Fox. He gathered a lot of the stalks, and took them to his den. Then he sat down and made flutes out of them. He stopped up the open ends of each stalk, and cut several little holes in the sides.

After the flutes were all made, Wise Fox began



to play upon them. He played upon each of the flutes, one after the other. Some of the flutes made such sharp, shrill sounds that he threw them away at once.

But Wise Fox found one flute that made a sweet sound when he played upon it. It sounded as though some one was singing a gentle song, whenever he blew into it. He hid this flute away, very carefully.

Then he went back to the meeting place, and talked to the Indians who still sat there. "If you do not take me for your chief before three days are over, all the water from the lake will come up to the village, and cover your homes, and drown you," he said.

After he had gone, the Indians laughed.

"What does Wise Fox know about the water in the lake?" they asked each other.

But all the time the Indians were talking, Wise Fox was busy digging a long, narrow hole in the high bank of the lake. He dug the hole almost to the edge of the lake, just where the Indians went for water each morning. When the hole was finished, Wise Fox brought the flute from his den and crawled into the hole to wait.

Soon, an Indian came down to the lake for water.

Wise Fox heard him coming and began to play a sweet melody on his sunflower-stalk flute.

The Indian looked all around but, of course, he could not see anyone.

"It is the Water God singing," he said. He hurried back to the village to tell all the other Indians.

The next morning, the same Indian came to the lake for water again. Wise Fox, in his hole, played a still louder and sweeter song on his flute.

It sounded as though the music came up out of the water.

"I hear the Water God singing again. He is getting ready to come up and drown us," said the Indian, as he ran back to the village.

"We will all go to the lake tomorrow morning," said the oldest Indian. "If the Water God sings a third time, we will send for Wise Fox, and take him for our chief."

In the morning, the Indians went down to the edge of the lake. As soon as they were all there, the Water God began to sing, or so they thought. Louder and sweeter grew the song. Then suddenly it stopped.

The Indians were all watching the water in the lake, and so they did not see Wise Fox crawling out from his hole.

"Good morning, my friends," said Wise Fox, after he had shaken the dirt from his fur.

The Indians were all glad to see him.

"You must come and be our chief," they said, for they were afraid that if they did not ask him, the water would begin to rise.

But Wise Fox pretended that he did not want to come. "Are you all quite sure that you want me?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, quite, quite sure, Wise Fox," answered the Indians together.

So Wise Fox came to live with the Indians after all. He was very good and kind to them, and taught them many wise things. After a long while, he showed them how to make sweet music from the stalks of the old sunflowers.

"With this music, you can charm the beasts and the birds," said Wise Fox.

"It sounds just like the voice of the Water God," said the Indians, who liked the music so much that they all wanted to learn to play.

And to this day, there has never been an

Indian who did not love to make, and to hear, the sweet and gentle music that comes from an Indian flute.

—*A Pueblo Indian Legend.*

QUESTIONS

1. From what did Wise Fox make a flute?
2. What did he do to the sunflower stalk?
3. Why did the Indians think the Water God was singing?
4. Tell why all the Indians wanted to learn to play.
5. What did Wise Fox say they could do with the music?
6. Draw a picture of any Indian flute you have seen.

Music in which the Flute is Heard:
"The Music Box"—*Liadow.*
"Morning"—*Grieg.*
"Elfin Dance"—*Grieg.*

THE SANDMAN*

Have you ever seen the Sandman
When you're left alone at night,
When prayers and all good-nights are said,
And Mother takes away the light?

—*M. L. B.*

Music to Hear:
"The Jasmine Flower"—*Chinese Lullaby.*

* From *The Youth's Companion.*

LOOBY LOO

C 57227

It will be fun to play a very old game called "Looby Loo." This game has been played by the boys and girls of England, for many, many years. It is called a singing game.

To play "Looby Loo," you and your friends must all join hands and go round and round, singing. At the end of the third line of the chorus, stand still and let go of each other's hands. When the verse says, "I put my right foot in," you should swing your right foot out in the air over your left foot, and shake it a little when the verse tells you. Then turn yourself clear round, while you sing the last line of the verse.

After each verse, join hands again and go round singing, as before. Then stop and act out the next verse.

Here are five verses to sing, and to act. You will notice that you are to sing the chorus first, and before each verse, just as the people of Avignon did in the song they used to sing while dancing on the bridge.

LOOBY LOO

CHORUS:

Here we dance Looby Loo,
Here we dance Looby Light,
Here we dance Looby Loo,
All on a Saturday night.

FIRST VERSE:

I put my right foot in,
I put my right foot out,
I give my right foot a shake, shake, shake,
And turn myself about.

CHORUS (*to be sung as you join hands and go about in a circle*):

Here we dance Looby Loo,
Here we dance Looby Light,
Here we dance Looby Loo,
All on a Saturday night.

SECOND VERSE:

I put my left foot in,
I put my left foot out,
I give my left foot a shake, shake, shake,
And turn myself about.

(*The chorus should now be repeated.*)

THIRD VERSE (*to be sung in the same way as the other verses*):

"I put my right hand in."

FOURTH VERSE:

"I put my left hand in."

FIFTH VERSE:

"I put my whole self in."

The chorus should be sung between all the verses. When the players sing "I put my whole self in," they step forward in the ring. When

they sing "I put my whole self out," they step back to their places. The game may be repeated as many times as the players may wish.

"Looby Loo" is one of the oldest games in the world. It is said that long ago, boys, girls, men, and women played it on Saturday nights, when all the work of the week was done. It was first played at least five hundred years ago.

—*H. G. K.*

QUESTIONS

1. What was "Looby Loo?"
2. In what country was "Looby Loo" first played?
3. Tell of the motions used in this game.
4. Would you call this singing game a folk dance? Why?
5. In what way is this singing game, or folk dance, like an old folk dance of France?

Music to Hear, and to Play the Game With:
"Looby Loo"—*Old English Singing Game.*

HASTE AND WASTE

Haste makes waste.
Waste makes want.

—*Old Proverb.*

THE OWL*

On stormy nights, when the rain beats down
Tap! tap! on the roof o'erhead,
I always go
Up the stairs so slow
When it's time to be in bed.

For it seems so lonely to be a boy
(Yes, lonelier nights than days),
To leave my chair,
And the grown folks there,
Still sitting before the blaze.

But I play I'm an owl, Whoo-whoo! Whoo-whoo!
When I'm snug in my bed at last.
In a hollow tree
Warm as warm can be,
My nest rocks high in the blast.

And all night long, as the rain beats down
Tap! tap! on the roof o'erhead,
Nobody knows
I'm an owl, I suppose;
They think I'm a boy in bed.

—*Anna Schutze.*

Music to Hear:
"The Owl"—*Gaynor.*

* From *The Youth's Companion.*

THE SELFISH LITTLE TREE

There was once a selfish little tree, which lived in the great woods. Many fine trees grew near it.

One day a man came walking into the woods.

"Oh, kind man," said the selfish little tree. "Come and cut down all these other trees!"

"Why do you want me to cut down all the other trees?" said the man.

"Because they are so big," said the selfish little tree. "I want more room. I want to see the sun. I want to grow tall and big. I should like to be the tallest tree in the woods."

So the man cut down all the other trees. The little tree now stood all alone.

"How happy I shall be!" said the selfish little tree. "Now I can have all the room I want."

But the next day the sun came out, and it was very hot. There were no kind big trees to give cool shade.

"I am so hot and thirsty," said the selfish tree.

Then the cruel strong wind began to blow. There were no kind big trees to keep the wind away.

"I am afraid," said the selfish little tree. "I wish the kind big trees were here beside me. What am I to do?"

Just then the strong wind blew again. It blew, and it blew, and at last it broke the selfish tree in two.

"Snap!" it went.

"What a foolish tree!" said all the birds.

"Now you will be sorry you asked the man to cut down all the big trees. They were your best friends. They hid you from the hot sun. They kept the strong wind away from you."

"Oh, what a foolish, selfish little tree!"

—*Adapted from an old Russian Fable.*

QUESTIONS

1. What kind of music does the wind make when it blows?

2. Make music like the wind blowing through the trees.

3. What instrument can make a sound like the blowing of the wind?

4. Sing as many songs as you know, that tell about trees.

Music to Hear:
"Wind Amongst the Trees"—*Briccialdi.*

JACK O'LANTERN*

The man in the moon looked down on the field,
Where the golden pumpkin lay;
He winked at him, and he blinked at him,
In the funniest kind of a way.

But on Hallowe'en, when the moon looked down
From the sky, through the shadows dim,
The pumpkin fat, on a gatepost sat,
And saucily laughed at him.

—*Anna Chandler Ayer.*

Music to Hear:
"Dance of the Goblins" (La Ronde des Lutins)—*Bazzini.*
"Ghosts"—*Kinscella.*
"Jack o' Lantern"—*Gaynor.*

*From *The Youth's Companion.*

THE TOWN MUSICIANS

A donkey that had carried sacks to the mill for his master during many long years, grew so old that he could no longer work for his living.

His master thought of getting rid of his old servant so that he might save the cost of his food. But the donkey found out about the plan and decided to run away.

So he went along the road that led to a nearby city called Bremen.* There he had often heard the band playing, when he had been there with his master.

"I make a very loud noise when I bray," said the foolish donkey. "I can be as musical as those bandmen."

He had not traveled very far when he saw a dog lying on the road gasping for breath, as though he were tired from running.

"Why are you so out of breath, my friend?" asked the donkey.

"Oh," the dog answered, "now that I am old, and grow weaker and weaker each day, I cannot

*Bremen is a town in Germany.

go hunting any more. So my master has ordered me to be killed. I have run away, but I do not know how I am to earn my living."

"Why not go with me?" said the donkey. "I am on my way to Bremen, to try my luck as a street musician. I think you and I could easily earn a living by music. I can probably play a horn, and you can beat on the drum."

The dog was very pleased with the plan, and so they both walked on together.

Not long after, they saw a cat sitting in the road, with a face as long as three days of rainy weather.

"Now whatever has happened, to make you look so sad, Old Cat?" asked the donkey.

"How can I be happy?" said the cat. "I am growing old, my teeth are no longer sharp, and I cannot catch mice. I like to lie behind the stove and purr, but when I found that they were thinking of drowning me, I ran away as fast as I could. Now what am I to do to earn my food?"

"Go with us to Bremen," said the donkey. "You have often sung, and made night music, I

know. So you can easily become a street musician in the city."

"With all my heart," said the cat. So he walked on with the dog and the donkey.

After walking for many miles, the three runaways came to a farmyard, and there they saw a rooster standing on the gate, screaming with all his might.

"Why are you standing there and screaming so?" said the donkey.

"I will tell you," answered the rooster. "I have just heard the most awful news! The cook says that there is company coming on Sunday, and that she shall want me to put into the soup. So this evening my head is to be cut off. That is the reason why I shall scream at the top of my voice as long as I can."

"Listen, Red Comb," said the donkey, "would you like to run away with us? We are going to Bremen, and there you will surely find something that you will like better than to be made into soup. You have a fine voice, and we are all very musical by nature."

The rooster thought this a good plan. So he flew down from the gate, and away went the four friends, together.

The donkey, the dog, the cat, and the rooster walked on for many miles until it began to grow dark.

"We shall never be able to reach Bremen to-night," said the donkey.

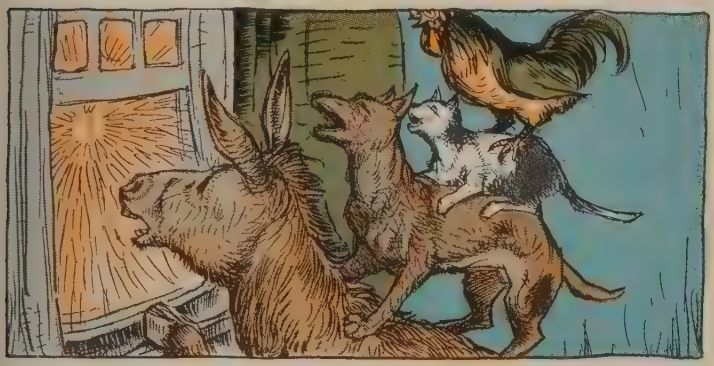
"There are some big woods," said the dog.

"Just the thing," said the cat and the rooster. "Let us spend the night there! Then in the morning we can all go on to the city."

So the four friends went into the woods, where it was soon very dark. The donkey and the dog laid themselves down under a large tree, while the cat made itself very comfortable on one of the branches. The rooster flew to the top of the tree, where he felt more safe.

Just before he went to sleep, the rooster, from his high place in the tree, looked all about him. He noticed a tiny spark of fire burning in the dark. So he called to his friends, and said:

"Dear friends, do not go to sleep! I have just



seen something strange. There is something over there that looks like a tiny bit of fire. I believe it is a house, in which a light is shining."

"Then," said the donkey, "we must get up and go on to that light, for a house would be a good and a safe place in which to stay."

"Yes, let us go on to the house!" said the dog. "I myself would not mind having a piece of meat to eat, or a bone, if I could get nothing else."

So they were soon on their way to the place where the light was. It grew brighter and brighter as they came nearer, till at last they saw that it came from the window of a robbers' cave.

The donkey, who was the tallest, went near to the window and looked in.

"What is to be seen, Old Donkey?" said the rooster.

"What is to be seen?" answered the donkey. "Why, a table laid out with plenty to eat and drink, and robbers sitting at it and enjoying themselves."

"That ought to be our supper," said the rooster.

"Yes," replied the donkey, "if we were only inside."

Then the four friends talked and planned together as to what they had better do to drive the robbers away.

At last they agreed upon a plan.

The donkey stood on his hind legs and placed his forefeet on the window sill. Then the dog stood on the donkey's back. The cat next climbed up on to the dog's back. Above them all was the rooster, which flew up and stood on the cat's back.

When they were all ready, a signal was given, and they all began to sing together. The donkey brayed, the dog barked, the cat mewed, and the

rooster crowed with a loud noise. They made so much noise that the windows rattled.

"What terrible sound is that?" said the robbers. "It can be nothing else than ghosts!" And with that the robbers ran, in great fright, to the woods behind the house.

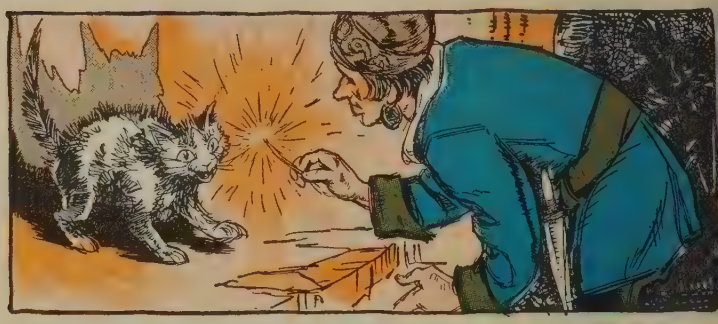
The four musicians rushed in, went to the table and took all the food that the robbers had left. They ate as though they had not had anything to eat for a month.

"That was fine food!" said the donkey. "Now for a good sleep!"

They put out the light then, and each found a sleeping place that was the most easy and comfortable to his nature and habits.

The donkey laid himself down full length in the yard. The dog lay down behind the door. The cat rolled up by the fireside among the warm ashes. The rooster perched himself on the top of the roof. They were all so tired with their long journey that they were soon fast asleep.

About midnight one of the robbers, seeing that the light was out, said to his chief:



"I do not believe that there was any reason why we should have been afraid, after all."

Then he called one of the other robbers, and begged him to go back to the house to see if it was all right.

When the man reached the house everything was dark and still. So he went into the kitchen to strike a light. When he saw the eyes of the cat shining at him in the dark, he thought they were live coals of fire. So, he held a match toward them that he might get a better fire.

But Pussy flew up, spit at him, and scratched his face. This frightened the man so terribly that he ran for the door. But the dog, who lay there, jumped out at him and bit him in the leg as he went by.

In the yard he ran against the donkey, who gave him a kick with his hind foot. The rooster on the roof, who woke up when he heard the awful noise, became lively in a moment, and sang out loudly—"Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

The poor robber ran as fast as he could, back to his chief.

"Oh, sir," he said, "there is, in that house, a horrid witch who flew at me, and scratched me down the face with her long fingers. By the door stood a man with a long knife, with which he struck me in the leg. Out in the yard lay a big black monster. This monster struck me a heavy blow with his wooden leg. Up on the roof sat the judge, who cried very loudly, 'Bring me the scoundrel here!' At that I ran off as fast as ever I could."

When the robbers heard this terrible story, they left the place very quickly. They never went back to the house after that.

The four musicians found themselves in such a good home that they did not want to leave, and forgot to go on to Bremen. The last that was

heard from them was that they were still there, and that they hoped to stay always.

—Retold from a Grimm Fairy Tale.

QUESTIONS

1. Who were the four town musicians?
2. Would you call the noises they make music? Why?
3. Were they right in thinking that they were musicians? Give reasons for your answer.
4. Sing songs which you have heard in school about three of the friends.

Music to Hear:

"Humoresque"—*Antonin Dvořák* (Dvor'zhak).

This piece of music, although very beautiful, was written as a musical joke. Dvořák told a friend that he would be able to re-write a piece of music that he knew well, and by changing the value of the notes, so change the melody that no one would guess what it was. To prove what he said, he wrote "Humoresque," using as its main tune or melody, the main tune or *theme* of "Old Folks at Home" by Stephen Foster. Listen to the melodies of both pieces and compare them.

FIREFLIES*

I wonder if the fireflies
Are baby stars that fall,
And come to make the lonely earth
A friendly little call.

—Helen Virginia Frey.

Music to Hear:

"At Evening"—*Friml-Kramer.*

*From *The Youth's Companion.*

ROUND AND ROUND THE VILLAGE

"Round and Round the Village" is another folk dance, or singing game. All games of this kind are very old, and each one usually tells of some old-time custom.

This game used to be played in England. The boys and girls would join hands in a long line, and then wind in and out of the houses in the village, singing the words of the song as they went along.

It is now played a little differently. All of the boys and girls, but one, join hands and form a circle. The distance between a boy and the one next to him and under their joined hands, being the "window." The one person who is not in the

circle or "village" goes "round and round the village." He goes in and out of the circle, or "in and out the windows," while they all sing. At the close of the second verse he chooses some one to take his place, while he steps into the circle.

ROUND AND ROUND THE VILLAGE

Round and round the village,
Round and round the village,
Round and round the village,
As fast as we can go.

In and out the windows,
In and out the windows,
In and out the windows,
As we have done before.

—Old Singing Game.

QUESTIONS

1. Name at least two other old singing games that were played in a "circle."
2. Sing the tunes, or melodies, of these games.
3. In what country was this game first played?
4. Name a singing game that is not always danced in a "circle." From what land does this game come?

Music to Sing and to Hear:

"Round and Round the Village"—*Old English Singing Game.*

IN THE AUTUMN

Trees bare and brown,
Dry leaves everywhere,
Dancing up and down,
Whirling through the air.
Red-cheeked apples roasted,
Pop corn almost done,
Toes and chestnuts toasted,
That's November fun!

—*Unknown.*

NOVEMBER

No shade, no shine,
No butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers,
No leaves, no birds,
November!

—*Anonymous.*

Music to Hear:
"Scherzo"—*Beethoven.*
"Thanksgiving Song"—*Jessie L. Gaynor.*

AN INDIAN GAME SONG

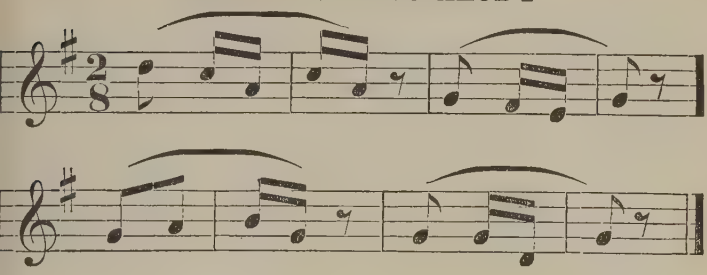
Many years ago, there lived, among the Blackbird Hills in northeast Nebraska, a strong and wise Indian chieftain, called E-sta-ma-za. E-sta-ma-za was called "Iron Eye" by the white people. He lived with his wife and young son, in a tepee, which was a kind of wigwam made of skins.

Each day, the boy played with other Indian boys among the tall sunflowers that grew near the river. There was very little school to attend. There were very few lessons to be learned, so the boys had much time for games. One of the games they liked best was called "Follow My Leader."

When a "Leader" had been chosen, the boys got in line behind him, and did just what the Leader did. If he ran about among the tall sunflowers, they all ran after him, each boy trying to touch every stone, or weed, or stalk that the Leader had touched.

As they ran, they all sang a game song. The tune of this Indian game song was very short, so the boys sang it over and over, keeping time with it as they ran. This is the tune they sang:

OMAHA TRIBAL MELODY



Sometimes, the young boy's mother would wonder what he was doing. When she looked down toward the river, she could see only the tall sunflower stalks. No boys could be seen. But when she would hear the singing of the old game song, and would see that the tops of the stalks were moving as the boys ran through them, she would say, "The boys are playing 'Follow My Leader' down by the river. I can hear the old song."

All this happened many years ago. The young Indian boy has now grown up and lives in the city of Washington. There he works very hard so that other Indian boys may be happy.

In the Blackbird Hills of Nebraska, Indian boys still play the old game of "Follow My

Leader." But these boys live in houses instead of wigwams, and go to fine schoolhouses. There they learn the songs that all boys and girls of America know and sing. But none of these songs is any prettier than the "game song," sung by the Indian boys many years ago.

—*A True Story of the boyhood of Francis La Flesche, son of "Iron Eye," the last chieftain of the Omaha Indians.*

QUESTIONS

1. What is a game song?
2. How did the Indian boys keep step with each other when they ran?
3. Name a game you have played in which you sang.
4. Learn this Indian game song. Read it through silently before you sing it. Then sing it with syllables, and by saying "La," on every note.
5. What Indian tribes, if any, live in your state?
6. What Indian songs do you know?

Music to Hear and to Sing:
"Indian Children's Game Song"—*Omaha Tribal Melody.*

INDIAN CHILDREN*

Where we walk to school each day
Indian children used to play—
All about our native land,
Where the shops and houses stand.

And the trees were very tall,
And there were no streets at all,
Not a church and not a steeple—
Only woods and Indian people.

Only wigwams on the ground,
And at night bears prowling round—
What a different place today
Where we live and work and play!

—*Annette Wynne.*

Real Indian Song:
"Chant of the Eagle Dancers"—*Hopi Indian Melody.* Listen to the "tom-tom" in this song.

* From *For Days and Days: A Treasury of Verse for Children*, by Annette Wynne. Copyright, 1919, by Frederick A. Stokes Company. Used by special arrangement.

THE MUSICIAN OF THE WOODEN SHOE

Nearly two hundred years ago, there was born, near a small village in Belgium, a boy named François Joseph Gossec.

François* was a farmer's son, and when he was old enough, he began to help his father with the work on the farm.

One of his duties was to look after the cows and goats. There were no fences in those days, so the cows and goats wandered about the meadows and the hills, hunting grass to eat. They had to be watched, so that they would not go into the neighbors' fields.

François loved music more than anything else. He begged his father to give him a violin. But his father needed him for the farm work, and would not give him a violin. This made François very sad. Each day, while he watched the cows and goats, he still wished for a violin.

"If father will not give me a fiddle, I must make one for myself," said François, one day.

* François is pronounced Fran-swaa. This means the same as Francis, in English.

The next morning, when he went to the pasture, he took one of his Sunday "sabots," or wooden shoes, with him. All that day, while he watched the cows and goats, he worked to make himself a fiddle out of his wooden shoe. For the violin strings, he tied on some strings of horsehair.

That night when he got home, he showed his father the fiddle he had made. How proud he was of it!

"If you really want a fiddle that much," said his father, "I will buy you a real one. You shall also have lessons and learn to play on it."

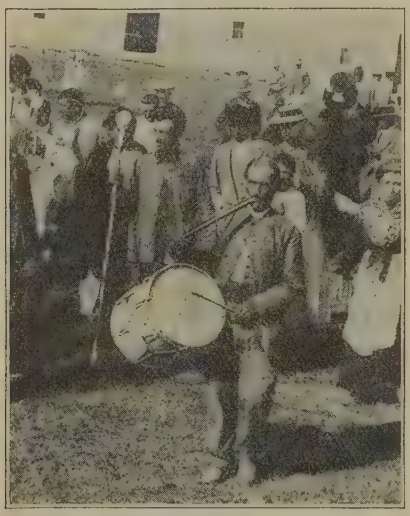
François' father bought a fine new violin, and before very long, François was able to play many pretty tunes.

After he grew up, François went to the big city of Antwerp, in Belgium, and to Paris, in France. He took lessons on the violin in each of these cities, and learned to play very well.

He also learned to write music for the violin. One of the pieces that he wrote is called "Tambourin."*

* *Tambourin* is pronounced *tam-boor-een'*.

In early days, a Tambourin was a lively old folk dance of Provence, in southern France. The dance got its name from the tambourine, which was one of the instruments used in making music for the dancers. The tambourine was a long narrow drum. It was beaten with a stick which was held in one hand, while the other hand of the musician played on a flute, at the same time.



Courtesy Cunard Steamship Line

—*H. G. K.*

QUESTIONS

1. How did François Gossec make a violin?
2. Out of what do boys make violins today?
3. What is a "Tambourin," and from what does it take its name?
4. How is this instrument played?
5. Name some other kinds of drums and tell how they are played.

Music to Hear:

"Tambourin"—*Godowsky.*

STEPHEN, THE BOY CRUSADER

A very long time ago, there lived in a French village, near the city of Orleans, a boy named Stephen.

Stephen was a shepherd boy, and was the son of a shepherd. All his life he had watched sheep. At first, when he was very young, he had only watched them as they were taken out of the village each morning to their pasture, and as they came back home at night.

By the time he was twelve years old, Stephen had already learned to watch the flocks on the hillsides all day, and to bring them safely home.

One evening, as the shadows were growing long, Stephen brought the sheep down from the hills. When he reached the village, he found all the people there greatly excited.

"What is the matter?" he asked his mother. "Why are all the people standing about talking?"

"Something very wonderful has happened." she answered him. "At noon to-day, a knight on horseback, with a flying banner, carrying a sword and a shield, came riding up to the village."

"The miller's wife, and some others who were at the well drawing water for the noonday meal, talked with him. He told them the strangest story. He said that he was a Crusader, a man from a great army that is riding across Europe on its way to the Holy Land. All these knights are going to Jerusalem, he said, to rescue the burial place of Jesus Christ from the Turks."

Little Stephen listened as his mother told him the story of the strange knight. That night at the supper table he heard it told again. His father and his mother talked about the knight and the great army until bedtime.

The next morning Stephen took the sheep up into the hills as usual. But he sat and thought

all day. He did not sing, or play on his shepherd's pipe, as he often did while watching the sheep.

When he came home that night, Stephen told his father and mother that he had had a strange dream. This dream had told him to gather the children of France together and take them to the Holy Land to help the Crusaders.

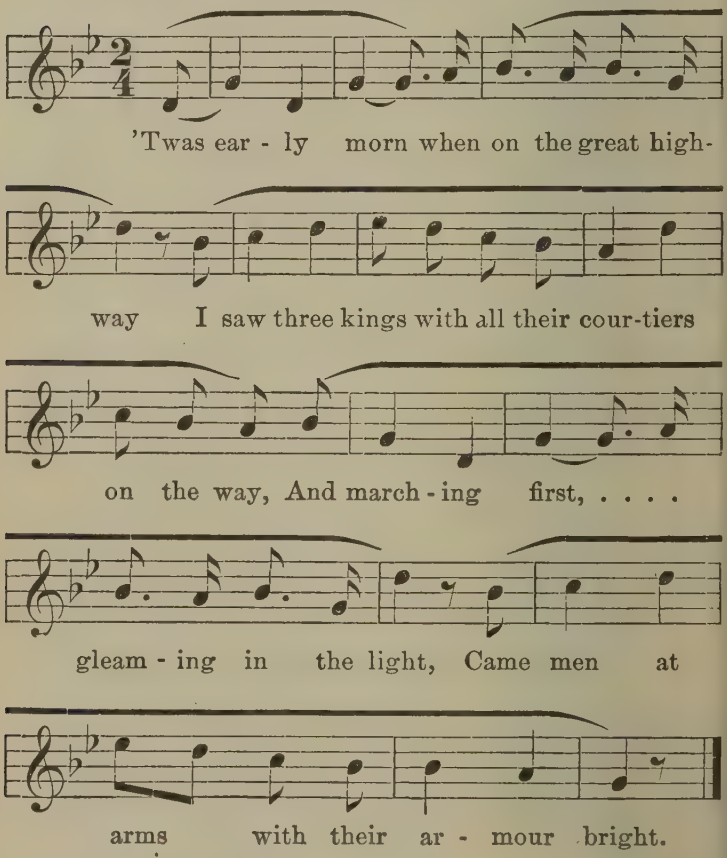
The next morning he went from one house to another. He told all the children about his strange dream. Many of them went with him to the next village, and to the next. In a few weeks, there were more than thirty thousand French children with Stephen. They marched behind him over the dusty roads and pleasant hills of France, on their way to the Holy Land.

News of the shepherd boy's army had spread over all Europe. In Germany, another boy, named Nicholas, preached until he, too, had gathered an army of children. At last, there were, altogether, over seventy thousand children marching across Europe in what is known as the "Children's Crusade."

One of their favorite songs was "The March

of the Three Kings." This song was always sung at Christmas time in southern France.

THE MARCH OF THE THREE KINGS


'Twas ear - ly morn when on the great high-
way I saw three kings with all their cour-tiers
on the way, And march - ing first, ...
gleam - ing in the light, Came men at
arms with their ar - mour bright.

The "Child Crusaders" marched for many, many days. It is always much easier to march if

everyone keeps step, as we all know, and much easier to keep step if there is music being played or sung. There were no great bands in those days, and so, as the children marched, they sang.

The French children on Christmas Eve often followed the custom of dressing as the "Three Wise Men." They would then visit the homes of their friends and neighbors, singing as they marched.

Hardly any of the children in Stephen's army had ever been far away from home. Whenever they came in sight of a village, they would ask, "Is this Jerusalem?"

At last they came to the city of Marseilles,* in the south of France. Here the children found some men who promised to take them the rest of the way to Jerusalem in the Holy Land. They would now have to go over the sea in boats.

The children believed what the men told them. They were so tired with walking that they were very glad to get to the boats. They sang the "March of the Three Kings" again as the ships

*Marseilles is pronounced *Mar-sa'-y.*

sailed out to sea. The people who stood on the shore watching them go, heard the song coming back on the breeze. They watched the sailboats out on the water until they looked as small as white-winged birds. And they could still hear the children singing.

But the "Child Crusaders" never reached the Holy Land and they never came back!

Some people say that all the ships sank in a great storm. Others believe that these cruel men took the children, and sold them as slaves.

Although the children never reached the Holy Land, and never came back to their homes in France, many of the men who went on the Crusades returned safely. These men brought home with them many songs they had heard.

They also brought back some of the strange

musical instruments they had heard and seen played in the East. Some of the songs they brought back are still sung in Europe. People there still use, also, some instruments like the ones they brought back.

All of this happened very long ago,* so that "The March of the Three Kings" is a very old folk song.

—*H. G. K.*

QUESTIONS

1. How did Stephen pass the time as he watched the sheep?
2. What was the shepherd boy's favorite instrument?
3. Where did the "Child Crusaders" want to go?
4. How did they keep time when they marched?
5. What song did they sing?
6. Learn to sing this song.
7. Why did the children sing as the boats left France?
8. What did the Crusaders bring back from the Holy Land?
9. What songs did they bring back with them?

Music to Hear:

"March of the Three Kings"—*Old French Carol.*

* The "Child Crusaders" set out for the Holy Land in 1200.

FAIRY JEWELS*

O white moon sailing down the sky,
I watch you when in bed I lie;
I watch you on the calm blue deep
And dream of you when fast asleep.

I fancy as I see you float
That you are some good fairy's boat,
And winds that in my windows blow
Are the same winds that make you go.

Each star that shines for me so bright
For you is just a beacon light.
I half believe that it is you
Who brings to us the morning dew.

Each drop is so much like a gem,
I think the fairy gathers them,
And leaning over as you pass
Lets millions fall upon the grass.

—*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

Music to Hear:
"The Slumber Boat"—*Riley-Gaynor.*
"The Land of Nod"—*Riley-Gaynor.*
"Andantino"—*Lemare-Saenger.*

*Used by the courteous permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company.

THE FAITHFUL MINSTREL

Many hundreds of years ago, there reigned in England, a king, called Richard the Lion-Hearted. This proud title was given to him because of his great courage.

One day, Richard set out on a Crusade to the Holy Land to fight the Turks who had taken the city of Jerusalem, and who would not let the Christians go to visit the place where Jesus Christ had been buried.

When the Crusade was over, King Richard wanted to see the beautiful places in other lands and countries. So, when his soldiers went home the same way they had come, King Richard decided to go home a different way. Part of the way he went by sea until he landed on the shores of a strange country, called Austria. The people of this country were enemies of the English people.

The King laid aside all his rich clothing, and dressed himself to look like a poor peasant. When he had left England, his horse had been fitted out with wonderful trappings, as we would

expect to see on the horse ridden by a king. King Richard hid all these things, too, and had nothing on his horse which any poor man might not have had. Then he started on his way across the strange country.

Everything went well for a time. No one paid very much attention to the poor traveler. King Richard began to think that he would get through safely, and would soon be back in his old home in England. But there was one thing that he had forgotten when he changed his clothes. He had forgotten to take off his finger a beautiful gold ring which had been given to him, when he was crowned King of England.

One day as he was riding through a village, King Richard stopped to buy some food from a man who lived there. The man noticed the wonderful ring which Richard was wearing. He hurried at once to the town officers and told them of it.

"This man is a thief and a robber," he said. "If we let him go, he may come back in the night and rob us, too."

So the officers hurried after Richard and took him prisoner. As soon as they saw the great beauty of the ring, they knew that it was one which only a king would dare to wear. In this way they learned that their prisoner was not a poor man, at all, but that he was none other than Richard the Lion-Hearted, King of England. Before many hours had passed, they had the King shut up behind iron bars in the tower of the great castle.

The English soldiers who had been with King Richard returned to their homes in England, where they eagerly looked for their King.

They waited and waited, and still the King did not come.

"He may be sick, or in trouble," said his soldiers, so they sent messengers out to search for him.

They searched for him in many places through Europe, but they could not find him. After more than two years had passed by, they decided that King Richard was dead, and they gave up their search.

But there was one person who would not believe that the King was dead. This was Blondel, a minstrel who had grown up in the King's house. He had served and loved him, for many years. Up and down Europe the old minstrel went, singing and playing his harp in each of the villages he visited. In each village he looked, too, for some trace of his dear master.

After months of wandering, Blondel came to a village in Austria. Just outside the village stood a great old castle.

"I shall stay here for the night," said Blondel. "I will play and sing for the people at the inn (We would say hotel). After I have had my supper, I shall try to find out if there are any prisoners in the castle."

So Blondel sang for the people at the inn. Everyone was kind to traveling minstrels in those days, and were really glad to have them come. There were no newspapers, no telephones, and no fast trains to carry mail at that time. There was no other way of hearing about the people who lived in other parts of the land, except when

someone came riding into the village, or when they came walking, as the minstrels came.

As Blondel ate the good food which the keeper of the inn set before him, one of the girls from the village told him that she especially liked one of the songs he had been singing.

"I have learned to like that song very well," she said, "for I have heard it so often. The prisoner in the tower at the castle always sings it."

Blondel could hardly eat another bite of food. He knew that he had surely found his master. This was because no one else could sing that song, but his master to whom he himself had taught it, when he was a little Prince in England.

Blondel did not say anything of this to anyone

at the inn. As soon as he could, he took his harp and went up the pathway that led to the castle. When he reached the courtyard of the castle, he stopped. Then he touched the strings of his harp and began to sing. On he went through the song, and was almost through singing it. But just as he stopped for a moment, before singing the last verse, a voice in the high tower took it up and sang it to the end. Blondel knew at once that he had found the hidden prison of his beloved King!

Back to England he hurried with his news, to tell the English people that their King was alive. The news made the English people very happy. Very quickly they raised the money, which they had to pay to the King of Austria, before they could have King Richard back again.

If you should ever visit the castle* which looks out over the Danube River, in Austria, you will be shown the high tower from which Richard the Lion-Hearted, was saved by the song of Blondel, his faithful minstrel.

—*H. G. K.*

* The castle in which King Richard was a prisoner was called Durrenstein Castle.

QUESTIONS

1. What was the name of King Richard's minstrel?
2. Upon what instrument did he play?
3. In what other way did he amuse people?
4. Why did minstrels travel from place to place?
5. Tell the story in your own words.

Minstrel Songs of the Crusades to Hear:

"Duke of Marlborough." This song is said to have been sung when Jerusalem was first captured by the Crusaders in 1096.

"War Song of the Normans"—*Old Song.*

"Merci Clamant"—*Chatelain de Coucy,* a knight who went to the Holy Land with the soldiers of Richard the Lion-Hearted.

WE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT ARE

We three kings of Orient are;
Bearing gifts we traverse afar
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,
Following yonder star.
O Star of wonder, Star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to Thy perfect light.

— *Hopkins.*

Music to Sing and to Hear:

"Crusaders' Hymn"—*Old Song.*

THE FIRST NOWELL

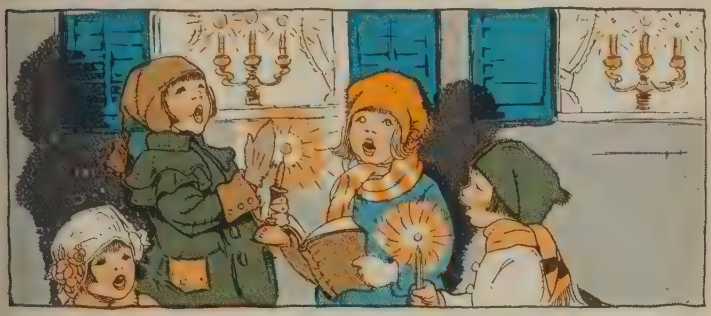
This old Christmas carol, sung by the Crusaders, as they marched, or rode, or sailed to the Holy Land, is one of the oldest carols in the world. It was being sung in the streets of French villages at Christmas time nearly a thousand years ago. This carol must have sounded very fine as the hundreds and thousands of soldiers passed through the villages singing.

The first Nowell the Angel did say
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields, as they lay;
In fields, where they lay keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.
Nowell, Nowell,
Nowell, Nowell!
Born is the King of Israel.

The crusaders sang hymns, too, on their long journey, and there is one which we still sing.

Fairest Lord Jesus
Ruler of all nature.
— *Old French Carol.*

Music to Hear:
"The First Nowell"—*Old French Christmas Carol.*



CHRISTMAS IN FRANCE

In some parts of France, a jolly little man brings presents to children at Christmas time. He is not called Santa Claus, as in our country. There, he is called "Father Christmas."

In France, some one who is dressed up as Father Christmas goes from house to house early each Christmas Eve. He brings with him simple toys which he gives to the good children.

With Father Christmas, there comes a man whom the children call Knight Rupert. Knight Rupert does not bring any toys. He carries with him a bundle of willow switches. Whenever he finds a naughty boy or girl in one of the houses he visits, he leaves a switch. Father Christmas then goes on without leaving a toy.

In these French villages, wooden shoes take the place of the stockings we usually hang up on Christmas Eve. They have been doing this in France for more than two hundred years.

The French boys and girls always sing Christmas carols on Christmas Eve. Long ago, the children would carry lighted candles about the streets with them while they sang. Each boy or girl would try to keep his candle burning, and keep the wind from blowing it out. Groups of the children would sing the carols before the doors, or under the windows of the homes of their friends.

Nowadays, many people place lighted candles inside the windows of their houses on Christmas Eve. This is one way in which the people who live in the house wish all those who pass by, a merry Christmas.

—*H. G. K.*

QUESTIONS

1. What do children in France sing on Christmas Eve?
2. Name any French carols which you know.

3. Where did the children usually sing these carols?

4. What did they carry in their hands while they sang?

5. Sing any one Christmas carol which you may know.

6. Name your favorite Christmas carol and tell why you like it.

7. Do they sing Christmas carols in every country? Give reasons for your answer.

Music to Hear:
"A Shepherd's Song"—*Old French Carol.*

GOD REST YOU, MERRY GENTLEMEN

God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
Remember Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas day,
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray
O tidings of comfort and joy,
O tidings of comfort and joy!

— *Old English Carol.*

Music to Sing and to Hear:
"Adeste Fidelis"—*Portugal.*

WOLFF AND HIS WOODEN SHOE

Long ago, there lived, in the land of France, a poor boy whose name was Wolff. He lived with his aunt, who was often very cross to him.

Although his aunt's house was large, it had very poor furniture. Wolff's old aunt was not poor, but she was so greedy that she would not have enough fire to keep the house warm. Some people even said that she kept much gold hidden away in an old stocking.

At any rate, she never gave Wolff good, warm clothes to wear to school. In the cold winter, he wore the same thin coat that he had worn on warm summer days.

One year when Christmas came around, Wolff was very sad and lonely. All the other boys had fine fur caps, heavy coats, and warm mittens. Besides, some of them had thick high boots to wear. Wolff had nothing but a pair of coarse woolen stockings and a pair of wooden shoes.

In addition to this, the other boys had fine stories to tell, about the Christmas presents which they would have, and about the great feast

that their mothers were preparing for Christmas.

When Wolff spoke to his aunt about these things, she only scolded him. She said that he must think himself lucky if he did not find a bundle of strong switches in his shoe on Christmas morning.

Wolff cried very bitterly when she told him this.

When Christmas Eve came, Wolff went, with the schoolmaster and the other boys, to hear the beautiful Christmas music at the church. It was very cozy in the church. All the Christmas candles were burning. The choir was singing many sweet songs of Jesus Christ whose birthday was on this day. It was warm, too, in the church, and Wolff forgot, for a while, the cold house at home and his cross old aunt.

"Oh, if I could but give a Christmas present to some one to-night!" thought Wolff, as he listened to the story of the Christmas angels. But Wolff had nothing to give away to anyone.

At last the Christmas service was over. Wolff marched out of the church at the end of the long

line of boys. It was very cold outside. As he passed out from the doorway of the great church, Wolff saw someone lying on the snow at the side of the steps.

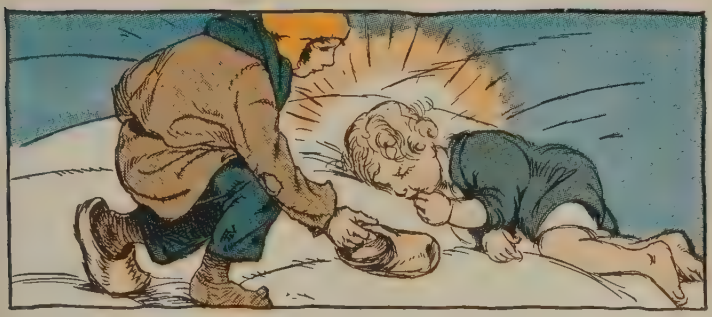
"Who can it be who lies out in the snow this cold winter night?" whispered Wolff.

As he looked, he saw that it was a little child, with a face so sweet that it seemed that brightness shone all around. There it lay, asleep, with bare feet touching the ice and snow.

Wolff looked about, for surely some of the other boys could spare a warm coat, or shoes, or scarf, to warm the little stranger. But all the boys had passed on, without a look, still busy with the stories of the presents they were to receive.

"I cannot leave the poor child here, and give him nothing," said Wolff. "Perhaps if I have my shoe beside him, the Christmas Angel will see him when he passes with the presents, and give him something warm."

So Wolff took off one of his own poor wooden shoes and laid it down beside the little sleeper.



Then he hurried home, afraid of the scolding that he knew his aunt would give him.

As soon as he entered the door, the scolding began.

"Where is your other shoe?" asked the old aunt.

Wolff told her what he had done, and when she began to scold again, he said, "I could not leave him with nothing!"

"For this, you shall go to bed without your supper," said the aunt. "But before you go, leave the other shoe at the fireplace. In the night, someone will leave a bundle of switches there, to repay you for the trouble you have given."

Wolff climbed to his chilly bed, and there he lay

awake until nearly morning. Then he fell asleep, and only woke when he heard his aunt's cry of surprise, in the morning. The Christmas bells were ringing, as he hurried down the ladder.

What a sight met his eyes! There, by the fireside, were *both* his wooden shoes. The floor by the fireside was piled high with all the beautiful toys, and beautiful presents, that any boy in the world could wish for.

"Where did they come from?" asked Wolff, while his eyes grew rounder and rounder with surprise.

At that moment a tiny voice seemed to speak, "Just as you have done kindness to a little child so shall kindness be done to you."

—*Adapted from the French of François Coppée.*

QUESTIONS

1. Why did Wolff go to church?
2. What kind of music did he hear?
3. Name any Christmas carol which you know.

Music to Hear:

"God Loves Me"—*Baker-Kohlsaat.*
"Evening Bells"—*Kinscella.*

WHEN SANTA CLAUS COMES

Merrily, merrily, merrily oh!
The reindeer prance across the snow;
We hear their tinkling silver bells,
Whose merry music softly tells
Old Santa Claus is coming.

Merrily, merrily, merrily oh!
The evergreens in the woodland grow;
They rustle gently in the breeze;
O, don't you think the Christmas trees
Know Santa Claus is coming?

Merrily, merrily, merrily oh!
We've hung our stockings in a row;
Into our beds we'll softly creep,
Just shut our eyes and go to sleep
And wait for Santa Claus' coming.

—*Unknown*.

Music to Hear:
"Reindeer Running"—*Anderson.*
"Evening Song"—*Schumann.*

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

MOTHER:

Little children, can you tell,
Do you know the story well—
Every girl and boy—
Why the angels sang for joy
On the Christmas morning?

FIRST CHILD:

Yes, we know the story well;
Listen now, and hear us tell—
Every girl and boy—
Why the angels sang for joy
On the Christmas morning.

ALL BOYS AND GIRLS:

Shepherds sat upon the ground,
Fleecy flocks lay all around,
When the brightness filled the sky,
And the song was heard on high
On that Christmas morning.

— *Old Carol.*

Music to Hear:
"Silent Night"—*Franz Grüber.*

A SUITE* IN MUSIC

As far back as we know anything about the people who have lived on the earth, they have always had music. At first, all of the music was sung. Then simple musical instruments were made, and people played upon them as they sang.

It was in those early days that the first folk songs were sung. Of course, there were no printed books or printed music then. The songs were nearly all quite short, and were learned by hearing other people sing and play them.

After many years, people learned to print music. The first music was printed a few years before Columbus discovered America. This music did not look like the music we have to-day, for then all the lines of the staff were printed a bright red. Only the notes were black.

Later, men began to write music. At first they wrote only short pieces, and most of these were like the old folk songs, the singing games, or the folk dances. Some of the pieces were very gay and jolly. These were the "Minuet," the

* Suite is pronounced *Sweet.*

"Gavotte" (gä-vŏt), and other old dances. One of the liveliest of these dances was the "Gigue," which may be pronounced like the word "jig," or it may be pronounced "gēēg."

After a while, now that they had ways of printing the music which was written, people wanted longer and larger pieces to play. So they wrote what they called "Suites."

A "Suite," in music, was, at first, just a joining together of several of the little dances, with an opening piece added. This opening piece was called a "Prelude." Such a suite, or set of little pieces, was usually written in one key. A suite usually had five or more parts, or pieces. While these might all be played together to make one big piece of music, each part might be played alone if a short piece was wanted. The separate parts of a suite would be arranged in something like this order:

1. The "Prelude." This was the opening piece.

2. The "Air." This was a song-like melody, which often imitated the old folk songs.

3. A "Gavotte" or "Minuet." Sometimes a

'Trio," or little song would be added in the middle of the piece.

4. A "Bourree" (boor-rā'), or a "Musette" (mü-sĕt'). These are two jolly folk dances.

5. A "Gigue" (jig or gēēg). This is a jig, or a lively folk dance.

Such suites are still written by great composers, and are often played on concert programs. But many suites are now written to tell stories in music. Each part of it is like a chapter in a book, and tells a certain part of the story.

—*H. G. K.*

QUESTIONS

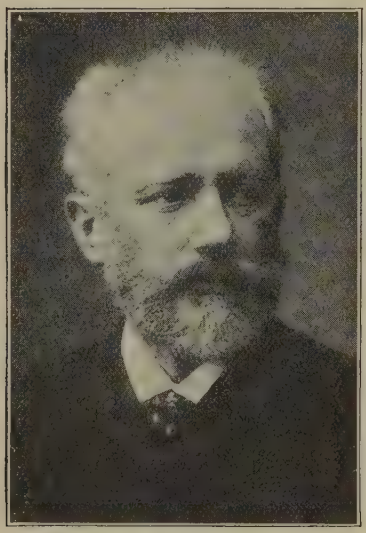
1. How old is printed music?
2. Which is the older, music, or the musical instrument?
3. Tell how people in early days were able to sing if they did not have books.
4. What were these songs called?
5. What was the first printed music like?
6. What did the first printed music imitate?
7. What great event happened a few years after music was first printed?
8. What is meant by a "suite"?

Music to Hear:

"Air for G String" (From "Suite in D")—*Johann Sebastian Bach.*

THE NUTCRACKER SUITE

The first suites were collections of music pieces written in dance form. Afterwards, some of the suites were written to tell a story. The "Nutcracker Suite" is one of the suites written to tell a story. It was written by Peter Tschaikowsky (chī-kŏff'-skēē), a great Russian composer. There are several parts, or separate pieces in this suite. Each separate piece of the music is like a chapter in a story.



PETER TSCHAIKOWSKY

Sometimes people tell a story in words. Sometimes they tell a story in a song, or in music that is written to be played on one or more instruments. Another way in which a story may be told is to act it out without speaking a single word. The actors imitate or suggest the people, of whom the story is told.

Sometimes people act out a story in this way, and at the same time keep time, in their movements, with music written to tell the same story. This is one of the greatest ways in which a story can be told. A story told in this beautiful way is called a *Ballet* (băl-lāy′).

The music of the "Nutcracker Suite" was first written as a ballet for a group of Russian children to dance. It was danced in Russia for the first time.* Tschaikowsky called it his "Fairy Ballet," and children took all the parts in it.

Older dancers sometimes use the Ballet now, and the music of the Suite is often played, without any dancing and for its own beauty, by the greatest orchestras in the world.

The story of the Ballet known as the "Nutcracker Suite" is that of a very old fairy tale. When you have read it, you will understand the meaning of the music better.

—*H. G. K.*

Ballet Music to Hear:

"Dance of Automatons" from "Coppelia Ballet"—*Delibes* (duhleeb′).

* The first performance of the "Nutcracker Ballet" was in St. Petersburg (now Leningrad), Russia, March 19, 1891.

THE NUTCRACKER AND THE MOUSE KING

Marie had been given many beautiful Christmas presents. Among these was a wonderful silver Nutcracker.

During the evening, as the children played with their new Christmas toys, Marie's brother tried to crack too large a nut, and the Nutcracker was broken. Marie felt very sorry about this, and so, before she went upstairs to bed, she wrapped up the Nutcracker very carefully, and laid it on a shelf with her dolls, her brother's tin soldiers, and some other toys.

After she went to bed, Marie could hardly sleep because she was so excited about her new toys and about the beautiful Christmas tree with the sugar plums hanging from it.

She finally went to sleep, but as soon as she was asleep she dreamed. In her dream she got up and stole downstairs for another sight of the wonderful Christmas tree. She dreamed that while she was sitting on the bottom step of the stairs looking at the tree, the clock struck the

hour of midnight. Just then she heard a strange noise, and while she watched the tree, a curious thing happened.

The great tree began to grow, and grow, and grow. All the cakes and sugar plums, which hung on it, and all of the toys, came to life, including the Nutcracker.

Suddenly, the cracks in the floor began to open wider, and an army of mice sprang through them. They rushed into the room after the sugar plums.

Everyone was very frightened. The tin soldiers leaped down from the shelf upon which they had been placed, and began to fight.

The King of the Mice and the brave Nutcracker had a terrible battle. The King was get-

ting the better of the battle when Marie, who was watching from her seat on the stairs, saw that the Nutcracker was quite surrounded by the enemy, and in the greatest possible danger. Without waiting a moment, she took off her slipper and threw it with all her might at the King of the Mice. This killed the King, and the other mice scampered away, very glad to escape with their lives.

As soon as the fight was ended, the homely Nutcracker was changed, as if by magic, into a handsome Prince. He thanked Marie for saving his life, and led her through a strange doorway, into a green meadow.

This meadow was called the Land of the Sugar Plum Fairy. Here Marie was treated just as a Princess should be, and all the Fairies, Dolls, and the Sugar Plums danced for her.

— *Adapted from Hoffman's Fairy Tales.*

QUESTIONS

1. Tell the story of the "Nutcracker and the Mouse King."
2. Who wrote the music of the "Nutcracker Suite"?

3. What are the different parts of the "Nutcracker Suite"?

4. Why is it most beautiful when played by an orchestra?

5. What instruments can you name, that are played in an orchestra?

6. Show how the player holds each instrument named when he plays it.

7. What kind of voice does each instrument have?

8. Which of these instruments is your favorite?

Music to Hear:

"The Nutcracker Suite"—*Tschaikowsky.*

The teacher should have the class hear this music, first on orchestral records, and then played by an orchestra if possible. The music is sometimes arranged so that it may be played on a piano, but it is most beautiful when played by an orchestra.

Note to Teachers:

The story is told in the Suite, in different parts, or "movements."

"Dance Characteristique."

This is the procession of the children around the Christmas tree, before the presents are distributed. It might also suggest a procession of dolls and tin soldiers, for it is a "toy" march. All of the other music is that played for the dances in the Land of the Sugar Plum Fairy.

"Danse Arabe."

This is an oriental dance. It is in minor mode.

"Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy."

This is music for the dance of the dainty Sugar Plum Fairy, who came to life on the Christmas tree. It is played by the celesta.

"Danse Chinoise."

A Chinese dance—the dance of Marie's Chinese doll. Listen to the flutes, piccolo, and bassoon which play in this music.

"Dance of the Toy Flutes" (Danse les Mirlitons).

This is the dance of all the toys. Listen to the piccolo, or little flute, in this music.

"Waltz of the Flowers."

This is the closing dance of the Ballet, or Suite. Listen to the harp in this music.

BEST WISHES FOR BUNNIES*

If Santa Claus should chance to go
Through country ways adrift with snow,
And see all huddled softly down
Wild little rabbits, warm and brown,
He'd think what lovely living toys
To give his nicest girls and boys—
And by their beds he'd like to leave
The bunnies cuddled, Christmas Eve.

When white and deep the winter snows
Have filled the fields where clover grows,
What happens then to homes and habits
Of hungry little country rabbits?
Suppose some morning you should see
A bunnies' special Christmas tree
With cabbages and carrots piled,
Provided by a thoughtful child!

— *Emily Rose Burt.*

Music to Hear:
"The Bunny"—*Neidlinger.*

* Used by the courteous permission of, and by special arrangement with the author.

CHICKADEE–DEE

The ground was all covered with snow, one day,
When two little sisters were busy at play.
A snow-bird was sitting close by, on a tree,
So merrily singing his chickadee-dee.

He had not been singing that tune very long,
Before Emily heard him, so loud was his song,
"O sister! look out of the window," said she,
"Here's a dear little bird singing chickadee-dee.

"O mother! Go get him some stockings and shoes;
A nice little dress, and a hat, if you choose.
I wish he'd come into the parlor and see
How warm we could make him, poor chickadee-dee!"

The bird had flown down for some crumbs of bread,
And heard every word little Emily said.
"How funny I'd look in a dress!" thought he,
And away he flew singing his "chickadee-dee."

— *Unknown.*

Music to Hear:
"Little Chickens and Snow Birds"—*Old Folk Song.*

THE DRUM THAT TALKED

In far off Africa, there are many places where only black people live. They have very small houses, built out of rough sticks that they pick up in the woods. There are no telephones or telegraph wires. No one has a radio. Most of the people can neither read nor write so they cannot read letters. But they have another way of talking to each other, as you will find after reading this story.

THE DRUM THAT TALKED

"Can an African boy really make his drum talk?" the American boy asked the captain.

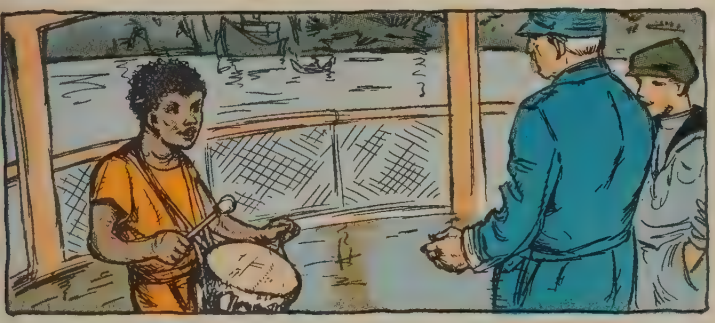
"Listen, and you shall hear," said the captain of the ship.

"He called to a small African boy, who was working about the ship.

"Get your drum," he said. "Then come here to me."

The boy went for his drum, and came back to the captain's side.

"Do you see that house on shore?" asked the captain, pointing to a hut, a mile away.



"Yes, Captain," answered the boy.

"I want you to talk to that place with your drum. I want you to ask them to send a man to the ship to fix this barrel," said the captain. He pointed to a broken barrel that lay on the deck.

"You want him right away?" asked the boy.

"Right away," said the captain. "Tell him to bring his tools, some nails, and some pieces of wood."

The boy sat down by his drum. He beat it a moment and then listened. He struck it again and listened. He struck it a third time.

Then from the shore came the answer—Boom! Boom!

The boy drummer heard the sound and knew that the man on the shore had heard him, and

was ready for his message. So he began to beat.

Boom! Boom-boom! He beat the drum slowly, then quickly. Some beats were short, sharp strokes, and some were long ones, just as though he were talking.

When he was through, everyone watched.

There was a boat drawn up on the shore, which was so very small that it could hardly be seen from the ship. Soon, a man ran down and pushed the boat out into the water. He carried some bundles and put them into the boat. Then he got in and began to paddle toward the big ship.

There in the boat, when it reached the ship's side were some tools, a box of nails, and some pieces of wood. The man came on deck, and without being spoken to he went to the broken barrel and began to mend it.

"Thank you, captain," said the American boy. "Now I know that the drum can really talk!"

— *A True Story.*

QUESTIONS

1. How do boys in Africa talk to each other when they live a long way apart?

2. What kind of drums do they use?
3. How do they beat these drums?
4. Why do they sometimes use long and short strokes when they send drum messages in Africa?

Music to Hear:
"Circus Parade March"—*Kinscella.*

DRUM CALLS

In some armies, "Drum Calls" are used, as well as "Bugle Calls," to tell the soldiers what to do.

As the sound of the drum, like the sound of the bugle, can be heard very far off, the captain of an army can send his orders in this way, a long distance. Then too, the sound of a drum can go into places where it would not be safe for a soldier to go.

Just as a violin, or harp, or any other instrument having strings upon it is said to be a member of the "String Family," so the drum, and all other instruments that must be struck to make a sound, are said to belong to a family

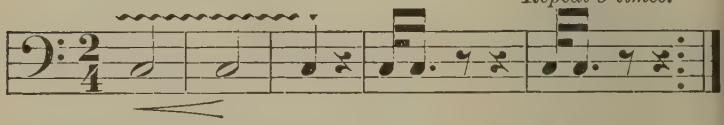
of instruments. This family is the "Percussion Family."

Many great composers have put drum calls into the music they have written for orchestras to play, and into operas and operettas that are to be sung.

Here is a drum call often heard by the soldiers in the British army:

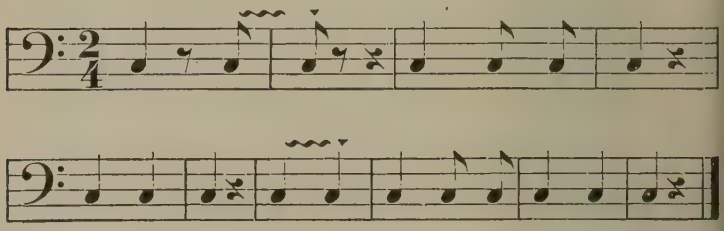
THE SERGEANTS' CALL (British Army)

Repeat 3 times.



If you were a French soldier, and heard this call when you were at war, it would tell you that the general wished you to retreat. So the call is called "The Retreat:"

THE RETREAT (French Army)



H. G. K.

Music to Hear:
Drum Music and Bugle Calls—See above.

AN ARMY OF TWO*

Many years ago there lived, in a small village in Massachusetts, a girl whose name was Rebecca Bates.

Rebecca's father was the keeper of the tall, white lighthouse that stood on the cliff just outside the harbor. His family lived in a small wooden house, built back of the lighthouse. Only a narrow sandy roadway, on which low bushes were growing, joined the lighthouse and the house, with the village.

At this time the country was at war. People who lived near the sea, were afraid all the time, that the enemy might some day sail up to the shore while the men were out fishing. They were afraid, too, that they would take the women and the children, and set fire to all the houses in the village.

One day this very thing almost happened.

Rebecca's father had gone to town to buy food. Only Rebecca, her mother, and her two

*The event of which this story tells, took place in Scituate during the War of 1812.

young brothers, were left at the big lighthouse.

After the noon meal, Rebecca's friend, Sarah Winsor, came out to help Rebecca polish the lamps in the lighthouse.

When they were hard at work, Rebecca happened to look out to sea. She saw a large, strange ship coming toward the land.

"What ship can that be?" she asked Sarah.

Sarah looked to see. "I think it is the enemy!" she said. "We must run and tell your mother quickly."

Down the stairs they ran and told Rebecca's mother what they had seen.

They were all very much frightened, but the very first thing that Rebecca's mother did, was to send the two boys to the village to warn the people there.

The soldiers in the ship got into some rowboats, and started for land. But they did not take the women and children prisoners, nor burn the village, that day. This story tells of the "army of two" that kept the soldiers from doing so.

AN ARMY OF TWO

REBECCA (*looking down at the boats full of soldiers, as they rowed by the lighthouse tower*): If I were only a man! Then I could go out and fight, and help drive away the enemy.

SARAH: How quiet every one is in the village! I suppose they will wait until the enemy is close to the shore. Then they will begin to beat the drum.

REBECCA: The drum! They can't beat it.

SARAH: Why not, Rebecca?

REBECCA: Because Father brought it home with him last night. He was going to fix it. The

drum, and the fife, are down in our kitchen, right now.

SARAH: Then I wish I might beat it, myself. Maybe if we took the drum out on to the sand and beat it, we could scare the soldiers away.

REBECCA: We couldn't do it, Sarah. The soldiers would see us.

SARAH: We could hide behind the bushes. Come on, Rebecca. *Let's do it!*

(*The two girls hurry down from the tower and into the kitchen. There they take the fife and the drum, and run toward the sand beach.*)

REBECCA: Be careful, Sarah. Keep behind the bushes!

SARAH: We are nearly up to the soldiers. Beat the drum, Rebecca!

REBECCA: And you play on the fife! You know how to play "Yankee Doodle."

SARAH: I will. Now begin! (*They play the fife and beat on the drum. The men in the boats look about to see where the strange music is coming from.*)

REBECCA: We mustn't stand still. We must march, so that they will think that soldiers are coming. (*The two girls march back and forth, behind the bushes.*)

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

REBECCA: Listen, Sarah! The people in town are cheering. They, too, think that the soldiers are coming to help them.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

SARAH: I can't play another note!

REBECCA: Keep on, Sarah, just a little longer! Look, the boats are turning around!

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

(*The boats full of soldiers turn about and row quickly out of the harbor.*)

SARAH: Oh, Rebecca! We did it. We chased the soldiers back to their ship.

REBECCA: I hope they won't find out, right away, that it was only two girls who made all the music. It was really your fife that frightened them away.

SARAH: I think it was your drum.

REBECCA: Well, we both did what we could, and "Yankee Doodle" helped, too. Best of all, our dear village is safe.

—*An Incident From History.*

QUESTIONS

1. With what instruments did Rebecca and Sarah frighten away the soldiers?
2. To what families do these instruments belong?
3. Why did the music frighten the soldiers away?
4. What tune did Rebecca and Sarah play?
5. What was this tune at first?
6. Tell of another time when this tune was played.

Music to Hear:

"Yankee Doodle"—*National Air.*
("Yankee Doodle" was at first an English singing game, called "Kitty Fisher's Jig." Listen to it being played as it was first sung. You should also hear it played by Fife and Drum, and by a whole band.)

LAY BY

Lay by, like ants, a little store,
For summer lasts not evermore.

—*Old Saying.*

GROUP MUSIC

A piece of music is called a *duet* when it is sung by two persons, or when it is played on two instruments. A *duet* may also be played by two persons on a piano.

When *three* persons sing at one time, or play at one time, the music is called a *trio*.

When *four* persons sing or play together at one time, the composition which they sing or play is called a *quartet*.

A String Quartet is made up of four musicians who play, at one time, music with a part written separately for each of these instruments:

First Violin, which plays the *soprano* part.

Second Violin, which plays the *alto* part.

Viola, which plays the *tenor* part.

'Cello, which plays the *bass* part.

There is no difference in the instruments which play First or Second Violin. The only difference is in the "part," or the music which each instrument plays.

Courtesy of the Flonzaley Quartet

A Famous String Quartet

When you listen to the music that is suggested, try to hear the "part" which each voice, or each instrument, is singing or playing. Look up, or ask your teacher to show you, the pictures of each of the instruments that play.

—*H. G. K.*

QUESTIONS

1. What is a "duet"?
2. What is a "trio"?
3. What is a "quartet"?
4. Which instrument plays the soprano part?

5. Which plays the alto part?
6. Which plays the tenor part?
7. What part does the 'cello play?

Music to Hear:

A Duet—"Andantino"—*Raymond* (Played by Oboe and Piano).
A Trio—"Go, Pretty Rose"—*Marzials* (Played by Violin, Flute, and Piano).
A Trio—"The Voice of Love"—*Schumann* (Played by Flute, 'Cello, and Piano).
A String Quartet—(Played by First and Second Violins, Viola, and 'Cello).

"Canzonetta" from String Quartet in E Flat—*Mendelssohn*. (A Canzonetta is a "little song.")

THE STRING FAMILY

John and Billy each had a violin, and each boy had learned to play quite well. One day their father, who was their teacher, gave them a violin duet to learn.

John was to play the top melody—the soprano, or first violin part, as it is called. Billy was to play the alto, or second violin part. Each was to practice his own part until it was well learned, and then they were to try it together.

"Does my melody go higher than Billy's?" asked John, who was to play the "first violin."

"No, not always," answered his father.

"Then why is his called the "second violin" part?" questioned John. "I thought a "second violin" was a different kind of fiddle."

"Oh, no!" said his father, quickly. "There is just one kind of fiddle, or violin, so far as the music they all play goes. But one part of a duet may be more important than the other. It is then called the solo, or first violin part. There are other instruments which are of the same family as the violin, though."

"Oh, tell us about them!" said Billy.

"Well," said his father, "you and John know that there are many kinds of instruments used to make music. Suppose you boys name as many as you can."

"The Drum!" said Billy.

"The Flute," added John.

"The Violin, the Harp, the Clarinet—"

"Yes, all those and many more," said their father. "But not all of these belong to the same family, any more than you boys, and all the other boys in your room at school belong to the

VIOLIN VIOLA 'CELLO DOUBLE BASS

same family. Only such instruments as make their music in the same way are said to belong to the same family. The Flute, the Piccolo, the Clarinet, the Oboe, and several other instruments all have holes in their sides or ends. The boy who plays them blows into these holes when he wants to make music. So all these instru-

ments belong to the 'Family of Wind Instruments.' "

"Then to what family do our violins belong? asked the boys.

"They belong to the 'String Family.' Only instruments that make music with their strings may belong to this family. There are just five instruments that belong to this group. They are the Violin; the Viola, which looks very much like the Violin but is a little larger, and has a deeper voice; the 'Cello*, a very much larger instrument shaped like a violin, which the player holds against his knee; the great big Double Bass, which is taller than some men; and the Harp."

"In a String Orchestra only instruments having strings take part. There are several First Violin players, and several Second Violin players. In fact, there are several players on each of the instruments of the String Family. The music which such an orchestra makes is very fine."

— *H. G. K.*

* The complete name for the 'Cello is *Violin-cello*. 'Cello is pronounced *tshĕl'-lō*.

QUESTIONS

1. Is there any difference between a First Violin and a Second Violin?
2. What difference is there in the music which they play?
3. What do you mean by an "instrument family"?
4. Name at least two instrument families.
5. Name the members of the "Wind Instrument Family."
6. Which is the longer instrument, the Flute, or the Piccolo?
7. Why are these called wind instruments?
8. To what family does the Violin belong?
9. Name other instruments in this family.
10. Which is the very tall string instrument?
11. What is a "String Orchestra"?

Music to Hear:

VIOLIN: "Valse in G Flat"—*Chopin.*
VIOLA: "Menuett"—*Paderewski.*
'CELLO: "Nocturne in E Flat"—*Chopin.*
DOUBLE BASS: To be heard in selection for String Orchestra below.
HARP: "Home Sweet Home"—*Payne.*
STRING ORCHESTRA: "O, Vermeland"—*Swedish Folk Song.*

DREAMS AND WORK

Dreams set the embers glowing,
Work can keep the fire going.

POLKA*

Up and down, to and fro,
Tripping o'er the grass,
In and out, here we go,
Merry lad and lass!
Hear the fiddles laugh and cry,
Airy figures flutter by,
Up and down, here we go,
Tripping to and fro.

Up and down, in and out,
Tripping o'er the green,
Back and forth, round about,
What a merry scene!
Ribbons floating everywhere,
Whirling skirts and blowing hair,
Up and down, roundabout,
Tripping in and out!

Up and down, high and low,
Tripping o'er the ground,

* Used by the courteous permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company.

Here and there, fast or slow,
Whirling round and round.
Hear the merry music play,
Hear the voices bright and gay,
Up and down, fast and slow,
Tripping high and low!

—*Abbie Farwell Brown.*

THE VIOLIN*

The little dwelling called a violin,
Is fashioned with a single room within;
So empty does it seem, and dim, and bare,
You would not look for anybody there.

But if you touch a string upon the door,
A voice responds where silence was before;
And, if a friend of music you should be,
That voice is many voices instantly.

—*Stephen Tracy Livingston.*

Violin Music to Hear:
"Heel and Toe Polka"—*Old Time Dance.*
"Song of the Volga Boatmen"—*Russian Folk Song.*
"Menuet"—*Bach.*
"Gavotte"—*Beethoven.*

* From *The Youth's Companion.*

PUTTING THE WORLD TO BED*

The little snow people are hurrying down
From their home in the clouds overhead;
They are working as hard as ever they can
Putting the world to bed.

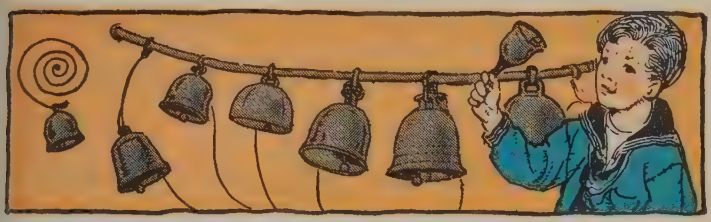
Every tree in a soft fleecy nightgown they clothe;
Each part has its nightcap of white.
And o'er the cold ground a thick cover they spread
Before they say good-night.

And so they come eagerly sliding down,
With a swift and silent tread,
Always as busy as busy can be,
Putting the world to bed.

— *Esther W. Buxton.*

Music to Hear:
"Berceuse" from "Jocelyn"—*Godard.*

* From *Primary Recitations* by Amos M. Kellogg, used by permission of, and by arrangement with the publishers, The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia.



BELL MUSIC

It is said that bells were first made from drums. No one knows when, or where, the first drums were made. But we do know something about *how* they were made.

The first drums were made from pieces of skin, that were stretched very tightly over hollow pieces of wood. Sometimes there was just one side, or "head" as we call it, on the drum. A man could play on this for a long time. He would beat upon it with his hands, or with a short piece of stick. When the skin got wet it would stretch still more and would not make any sound when it was beaten. Then, great stones would have to be heated by leaving them in the fire. When they were very hot, they would be rolled underneath the drum. The heat from the stones made the

skin tight again and the drum could be used once more. Some Indians still make their drums and keep them in order in this way.

One day, a long time ago, some one thought he would make a new drum. "I shall make it in a different way," said he. "I shall make it big and hollow. I will also have the drumstick in the middle of the drum. Then when I shake the drum it will beat itself."

That was the first instrument we had which was like a bell. After a while, men learned to melt iron and silver, and many other hard metals.

"We will make bells of metal," they said. "They will then be heard a long way when they ring."

So they made their bells out of metal, and hung silver drumsticks, or "clappers," in the middle of each one.

A drum which is made from wood and stretched skin helps to keep time. So it is said to have *rhythm*.

A bell that is made from metal has not only

rhythm, but it has *pitch*. *Pitch* is the high or low sound which any instrument makes.

—*H. G. K.*

QUESTIONS

1. How were the first drums made?
2. What is the "head" of a drum?
3. How was the first bell made?
4. Where was the drumstick in the first silver bell?
5. What is a "bell clapper"?
6. What is "rhythm"?
7. Tell what is meant by "pitch".
8. After listening to five sounds, tell if the pitch of each is high or low.

Music to Hear:
"Ding Dong Bell"—*Kinscella.*
"Evening Bells"—*Kullak.*

BELLS IN CHINA

No matter where boys or girls may go in a Chinese city, they are always sure to hear sweet music made by bells.

One of the oldest and best loved stories in all China, is the one about the Emperor who loved music so well, that he tied tiny bells to each of his flowers. When the breezes blew through the

garden, the flowers all bowed and nodded, and the tiny bells rang, softly.

It was in China, too, that people used to hang bells from the corners of their houses with bits of ribbons. Even now, there are many bells hung at the doors of some of the very old temples in China. Each person, who goes into one of these temples, is supposed to ring one of the bells before entering.

People in China have always loved bell music. Once, long ago, a man who lived in the country, grew lonely for the sound of the bells of the city. He had no metal from which to make a bell, so he cut and broke into tiny bits, a piece of glass. Then he made a small round frame of wire and string, and tied the bits of glass to it, so that they hung down for several inches.

"What have you made?" asked his son. "And what are you going to do with it?"

"I have made a bell," said the father. "We will hang it on one of the branches of our tree. Then you shall listen to the sound it makes."

So they tied the frame, with its hanging pieces

of glass, to the tree. Presently, a breeze blew past. It swayed the bits of glass so that they struck each other softly. Such pretty music as they made!

"It is a Wind Bell!" said the Chinese boy. And that has always been its name since that time.

—*A Story of China.*

QUESTIONS

1. What kind of music do bells make?
2. How did the Emperor in China make sweet music?
3. In what other way does wind help to make music?
4. Tell how the man who lived in the country made a bell for himself.
5. What was it called?

Chinese Music to Hear:

Chinese Orchestra Music, in which bells, gongs, and flutes are always heard. See page 211.

CHINESE KITES*

The Chinese boys, so far away,
Of all their games like best to play
At flying kites of monstrous size,
That look like bats or butterflies,
Or fierce striped tigers, staring owls,
Or yellow dragons, fish or fowls.
With tiny lanterns some are hung,
And others have long tassels strung
With little bells that tinkling go
So merrily when high winds blow.

And fancy this! I hear them tell
That grown folks like the game as well,
And fathers, and grandfathers, too,
Along with little lads like you,
Go out when gusty spring invites,
And play together, flying kites.

—*Rose Mills Powers.*

Music to Hear:
"Wing Foo"—*Alys Bentley.*
"Feast of Lanterns"—*Elliott.*

* From *The Youth's Companion.*

BELLS IN SPAIN AND AFRICA

If you were to go to Spain, you would hear much beautiful music, and many fine bells. One of the first things that you would notice would probably be that nearly all the animals there carry bells.

In Spain, whole herds of goats go through the towns each morning, on their way to the pasture lands. Just as the sun comes up, they begin to pass through the streets with small boys behind them. Each goat wears a tiny bell tied about its neck. Tinkle! Tinkle! Tinkle! How pretty it does sound!

Later in the morning, the farmers come to town. They bring fresh vegetables and flowers for the market. All of these are packed on the backs of big mules and donkeys. Each of these animals wears a collar, trimmed with many gay-sounding bells.

Africa, where camels carry the burdens, is not far from Spain. It is said that it is easy for a passer-by to tell whether the camel's owner is poor or wealthy. He can tell, not only by the beautiful trappings that he hangs on his camel, but also by the number of bells that hang from the camel's collar and saddle.

When a large number of men and camels start together across the desert, they are said to form a "caravan." The large number of bells make gay music as the caravan moves along over the hot, dry sands.

—*H. G. K.*

Music to Hear:
"Tinkling Bells"—*Behr.*
"Legend of the Bells" from "Chimes of Normandy"—*Planquette.*

SINGING*

Of speckled eggs the birdie sings
And nests among the trees;
The sailor sings of ropes and things
In ships upon the seas.

* Used by the courteous permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

The children sing in far Japan,
The children sing in Spain;
The organ with the organ man
Is singing in the rain.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

LIGHTLY ROW

Lightly row, lightly row,
O'er the glassy waves we go;
Smoothly glide, smoothly glide,
On the silent tide.

Let the winds and waters be
Mingled with our melody;
Sing and float, sing and float,
In our little boat.

—*Spanish Folk Song.*

Music to Sing and to Hear:
"Lightly Row"—*Spanish Folk Song.*

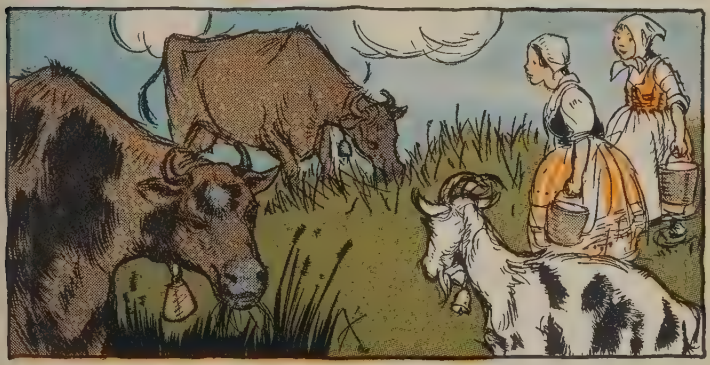
BELLS IN NORWAY

Away in the north of Europe is the country of Norway, where there are many mountains. There, the winters are long and cold and the boys and girls have fine times with their sleds, skis, and snowshoes.

When spring comes, even the girls go to work. High on the side of the mountains, there are many little dairies. As soon as the weather is warm enough, all the cows and the goats are taken up from the towns at the foot of the mountains, to the greener pastures near the dairies. The girls of the families go with them.

Each morning, the cattle and the goats are turned out on the mountain side to graze. Each flock is in charge of an animal leader, a cow or goat that all the others follow. Each leader has a bell tied about its neck, and the shepherd can easily tell, by listening for the sound of the bells, just where the flocks are. During the day, the girls make cheese and butter from the milk, which are sold to the towns in the valleys.

Great composers living in Norway have imi-



tated the sounds of these herd bells in the music they have written. Others have copied the calls and songs of the Norwegian girls, who stay on the mountains through the long summers and look after the flocks. These calls and songs echo back and forth between the high hills, and are often heard in the towns and villages, far below.

—*H. G. K.*

QUESTIONS

1. How are the shepherds in Norway able to tell where their flocks are?
2. What sounds have composers living in Norway imitated in their music?
3. How do the girls amuse themselves while they work?

Music to Hear:

"Norwegian Mountain March"—*Folk Dance.*

BELLS IN OTHER LANDS AND PLACES

In very early days, church bells were rung by hand, at the doors of the churches. But the people needed to hear them for more reasons than just to call them to church, so they had them hung high in the towers. One reason for this was, that in those days, people did not have clocks or watches as we have now. So they kept track of the hours by day, or by night, by listening to the town clocks, or by listening to the bells that rang from the church tower each hour.

At first, only one bell was hung in each tower. Later, people hung many bells, some small and some big. These were tuned and arranged so that tunes might be played on them. This kind of music is called "tower music."

In Holland and Belgium, two countries in Europe, many cities and towns have several towers full of bells. Fine concerts are played on these bells each evening. Such sets of bells are called *carillons*, and the music they make is called the "song of the bells."

Russia has been called the "Land of Bells"

because there are so many bells in every Russian city. The largest bell in the world is in Russia.*

So many composers heard the music of the bells, when they were young and herded the sheep or the goats, or heard the concerts from the high towers, that they have put "parts" for bells to play in the music they have written.

Each great orchestra has a set of bells. The bells belong to that family in the orchestra that is called the "Percussion Family." The "Percussion Family" includes all those instruments that have to be struck before they make a sound. The members of this family are the many kinds of drums, the triangle, the tambourine, and the bells.

Whenever you hear a fine orchestra, listen for the part the bells play.

—*H. G. K.*

QUESTIONS

1. What was one of the early uses for bells?
2. Why did people hang bells in high towers?
3. What was this music called?

* In Moscow.

4. What is a *carillon?*

5. What country is called the "Land of Bells"? Why?

6. Sing some songs which tell of bells. ("Jingle Bells," "Merry Christmas," "In the Belfry," and others may be sung.)

7. What is meant by the "Percussion Family"?

8. Name several members of this family.

9. Tell of other families of the orchestra.

10. Name the members of each of these families.

11. Name a wind instrument, a string instrument, a percussion instrument.

12. What is the difference between these instruments?

Music in which Bells are Heard:
"Waltzing Doll"—*Poldini.*
"Menuet"—*Gluck* (As played by Orchestra Bells).
"Menuet"—*Mozart* (As played by Orchestra Bells).

NOON PRAYER

Father, we pause in work or play
To fold our hands and softly say,
"The sun is high
Within the sky,
Oh, bless us all along the way
Of this good day!"

—*Anonymous.*

COURT MUSIC

In very early days in France, the singing games and folk dances were danced and played only by the boys and girls, and by poor men and women, who lived in small towns, or in the country.

Later on, great composers began to put the tunes of the old folk songs and folk dances into the great compositions which they wrote. They also wrote new music that imitated the old folk tunes. The simple dances were copied by the nobles, by the kings and queens, and were often danced in their palaces.

The new dances, some of which were very much like the folk dances, were much liked. Some of these dances, for which composers wrote

much pretty music, were the "Minuet," the "Gavotte," and the "Musette." All of these dances were very popular at the Royal Palace of France when Louis XIV was king.

Of all these, the "Minuet" was danced the most. It must have been a pretty sight to see the French boys, with their powdered wigs and swords, and the French girls, with their beautiful dresses, bowing and making curtsies as they danced it in the great palace. Many years later, the "Minuet" became the favorite dance of the American colonists.

The "Minuet" is always written with three beats in each measure. The "Gavotte" and the "Musette" are always written in two or four beat measure. The "Gavotte" always begins on the last half of the measure. Although the "Gavotte" and the "Musette" may have the same number of beats to the measure, the two dances are quite different one from the other.

You should hear all of these dance forms until you can tell a Minuet, a Musette,or a Gavotte, whenever you hear one played. Each of these

dances has a rhythm which never changes, no matter what the tune, or melody, is.

—*H. G. K.*

QUESTIONS

1. Name three old-time dances which were much like the old singing games and folk dances.
2. Name one way in which you can tell the difference between the "Minuet" and the "Gavotte;" the "Gavotte" and the "Musette."
3. Where was the "Minuet" a favorite dance?
4. How did people dress in the days when the "Minuet" was first danced?

Music to Hear:

"Minuet in G"—*Ludwig van Beethoven.*
"Musette"—*Johann Sebastian Bach.*
"Gavotte in F Major"—*Beethoven.*

UNDER THE WINDOW*

Under the window is my garden,
Where sweet, sweet flowers grow;
And in the pear-tree dwells a robin,
The sweetest bird I know.

—*Kate Greenaway.*

Music to Hear:

"Spring Song"—*Mendelssohn.*
"Songs of Our Native Birds"—*Kellogg.*

* Used by the courtesy of Frederick Warne & Co., Ltd.

MARCH ADVICE*

Be very polite to the Wind, my child,
For the Wind's a fellow both wise and wild.

A tramp, he travels from town to town
With his bag of tricks like a circus clown.

The chimney pots are his pipes to play;
The sails are his dancing partners gay—

He leads them out and away from shore
Over the sea's blue, polished floor.

He never rests, he never tires;
He blows on grass blades and gilded spires.

On tasseled corn and fields of wheat,
And the skirts of the farmer's wife so neat!

If you chance to meet him, always say:
"Wind, are you feeling well today?"

Be sure to lift the cap from your head,
Or the Wind may do it himself, instead!

—*Rachel L. Field.*

Music to Hear:
"The Wild Wind"—*Folk Song.*

* From *Woman's Home Companion*, used by the courteous permission of, and by special arrangement with the author, and by the courtesy of the Doubleday Page Company.

A JAPANESE BIRTHDAY PARTY

In Japan, all the girls celebrate their birthdays on the same day, no matter when their real birthdays happen to be. This great birthday holiday of the girls comes each year on the third day of March. All of the fathers, mothers, brothers, and friends, try to make this birthday a very happy one for the girls. The celebration is called "Girls' Festival" or "Dolls' Festival."

Long before the third of March, when the girls get their birthday gifts, the stores in Japan begin to fill their shelves and their store windows, with beautiful dolls. Many kinds are shown, and girls love to look at them, and choose the one they would like to have given them for a birthday present.

When the "Dolls' Festival" day comes, the Japanese girls and their families make it a great holiday. The girls wear their very prettiest kimonos, their mothers get out the family dolls, and they all have many good things to eat. There are special ways in which the houses are trimmed, and there is a great feast in every home.

In the morning, the mother and the girls of the family set up the shelves for the dolls in the best room in the house. There are always five or six shelves, and sometimes many more. On these shelves are placed those dolls that belong to the family. All the dolls ever owned by the girls are always kept. Some of those seen on the shelves are very old, having belonged to the grandmother or to the great-grandmother of the family.

A pretty piece of bright red cloth is first put on the shelves. On the highest shelf there are always two dolls put, and only two. These are the ones that have been dressed to look like the Emperor and the Empress. They are the best dolls, and must always sit at the top, as though they were sitting on their throne in the palace.

On the shelf just below them are put the dolls dressed as court musicians, also those dressed as lords and ladies. These are dressed in the old style which was once worn at the palace, and they make a fine show.

On the lower shelves are placed all the other dolls with pretty pieces of doll furniture. There

is a chest of drawers for the dolls' extra clothing, and tables and dishes for them to use if they should want to eat. There is always a wooden stand upon which are placed pieces of the rice cakes that are a part of the day's feast.

The girls are given their presents in the morning. Most of the presents are dolls. Some are large dolls, and others are tiny ones made out of paper. In the afternoon, games are played and their friends come to call. They all listen then to the pretty music which is played and sung.

Courtesy Japan Magazine

A Tea Party

Some of the girls play on the "Koto," the Japanese musical instrument. The "Koto" is a stringed instrument. It has thirteen strings. The girl playing it puts ivory nails (made like thimbles) on her thumb and on the first two fingers

of her right hand. The "Koto" is about two yards long and one foot wide. A fine "Koto" is trimmed with beautiful pictures and flowers made of gold. A "Koto" that is not trimmed is called *su-koto*. Su-koto means, "no ornament."

During the afternoon, Japanese songs and music are played on the Koto. This Japanese music does not sound much like the music made by boys and girls in America.

Courtesy Japan Magazine

A JAPANESE INSTRUMENT

It is usually much warmer in Japan on the third of March than in many parts of the United States. A little later, the cherry blossoms, for which Japan is so famous, are in blossom. Then Japan is one of the most beautiful places in the world and people from all countries go to visit it.

—*H. G. K.*

QUESTIONS

1. Name a musical instrument of Japan.
2. To what family of instruments does this Japanese musical instrument belong?
3. How long is it? How wide? How is it often trimmed?
4. What is it called when it is not trimmed?
5. Is Japanese music like the music of America?

Songs of Japanese Children to Hear:

"A Toy," "Our Flag," "My Doll," "The Turtle and the Rabbit"—*Folk Songs of Japan.*
Koto Music—*Japanese Airs.*
"The Jap Doll"—*Jessie L. Gaynor.*

MAY DAY IN JAPAN

Just as the girls of Japan all celebrate their birthdays on the third of March, so Japanese boys celebrate their birthdays on the fifth of May.

This day is sometimes called May Day. More often, it is called the "Festival of Flags," because all the people hang out flags on that day. At that time of the year, when the cherry trees and their blossoms are so pretty, Japan is very beautiful. Japan is often called "The Land of Cherry Blossoms."

On Festival Day, the streets are full of boys dressed in their best clothes. They wear tight

trousers, short coats, and stiff white collars with wing-like points that reach behind their ears. They also wear dark blue socks. Each sock has a place for the big toe, very much like the thumb in a mitten.

The houses are made very gay with flags and paper lanterns. A tall bamboo pole is set in front of each house, and from this pole there floats a kind of paper fish. There is a paper fish hung from the pole for each boy who lives in the house, and as the breeze blows, these fish look as though they were swimming about in the air.

The shops are full of paper fish, while candy and small, sweet cakes are made in this shape.

In each boy's home, there is a great display of wonderful toys. Some of the boys have tiny

suits of armor, such as soldiers of other days used to wear. There is always a clay figure of the Emperor in the display.

In the afternoon, all the boys have sports, and go to each others' homes to see the toys and share in the feasting.

When night comes, all the lanterns are lit. Then there is music, and more games. The older men tell the boys stories of the heroes of their land, and teach them that it is a great thing to be brave, and true to one's flag and native land.

— *H. G K.*

Music to Hear:
"A May Morning"—*Denza.*
"Serenata"—*Moszkowski.*

CHERRY BLOSSOMS*

Cherry Blossoms, on my tree,
You are white, as white can be!
Cherry Blossoms, o'er the sea,
Are you white as on my tree?

— *Amy Thornton Swartz.*

Music to Hear:
"Moment Musical"—*Schubert.*

* From *The Kindergarten—Primary Magazine.*

THE FIRST BUTTERCUPS

There was once a greedy old miser who lived alone in a gray hut, in some deep woods.

All his life, this old man had saved his pennies. When he would have saved enough pennies, he would exchange them for a gold piece. Then he would hide the gold piece away with other gold pieces in a large iron kettle that he buried in the ground.

One night a robber, who had heard of the greedy old miser, and of his many gold pieces, crept into the woods.

When the old man had blown out his candle and gone to sleep, the robber crept to the hiding place of the iron kettle. He began to dig in the earth and soon found the kettle. He pulled it out of the ground and took off the heavy lid. By the moonlight that shone down through the branches of the trees, the robber could see the gold pieces shine.

"How rich I shall be!" said the robber.

He put the lid back onto the kettle, and started for the edge of the woods. Just as he was

almost out of the woods, he thought he heard a twig crack behind him.

"Someone is trying to catch me," he thought, and so he started to run. Just at that moment he caught his foot on a big root that stuck up from the ground. Down went the robber. The kettle flew out of his hand, the lid came off, and the gold pieces were scattered over the ground. Before he could get up and hunt the gold pieces, the sun was shining brightly, and the robber was glad to run away into the town without being caught.

Soon after, a good and beautiful fairy floated by. She saw the gold pieces lying about on the ground, and guessed, at once, that some one had

been trying to rob the greedy old miser, who lived in the gray hut.

"This gold must not stay here," she said. "If I leave it, the old miser will find it, and hide it away again. I will see if it cannot be put where everyone can see and enjoy it."

So the good fairy bent down and gathered up the gold pieces and put them back into the iron kettle. Then she left the dark woods, and floated out over the green meadows. As she floated along, she would reach into the kettle for gold pieces, and would then toss them down gently into the grasses of the green meadows.

In each spot where a gold piece fell, there blossomed in a moment, a shining golden buttercup. Soon, all the meadows in the land were filled with beautiful golden flowers, the good fairy's buttercups, and they have bloomed beautifully there, ever since.

—*Old English Legend.*

Music to Hear:
"Fairies"—*Schubert.*

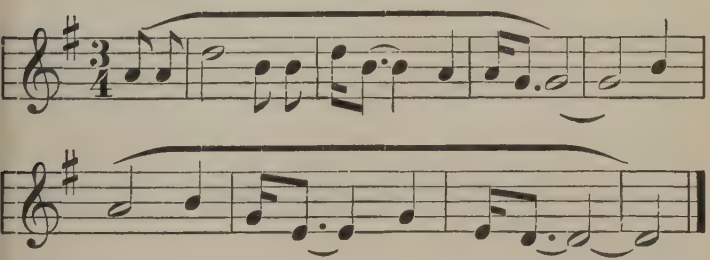
AN INDIAN BOY AND HIS FLUTE

Ma-wa-dá-ne, a small Indian boy, lived with the Omaha tribe of Indians by a stream of clear water, near a wood.

Most of the Indian boys spent their time making bows and arrows, in playing with them, and in listening to the fine stories told by the older Indians.

One morning, while Ma-wa-dá-ne was still lying on his soft bed of branches and grass in his father's wigwam, he heard the sweet music of a flute. He saw To-nan-do, one of the older Indian boys, sitting in an old elm tree near the river's bank. He was playing this tune on a home-made flute.

OMAHA TRIBAL MELODY



Ma-wa-dá-ne listened quietly. How he wished that *he* could play that pretty tune!

When the morning meal was over, the Indian boys of the village all went to the woods to hunt branches for new bows and arrows. Ma-wa-dá-ne did not go with them. Instead, he went down to the river bank. There he found some tall, dried sunflower stalks. He cut one of them just as long as the big Indian's wooden flute. He cut little holes down one side, and hollowed out the stalk.

Then he blew into it. How happy he was when he found that he could makes music with his new flute!

All day long, while the other boys played, Ma-wa-dá-ne sat on the bank of the river and blew into his flute. When night came, he was able to play the same tune that the older Indian had played as he sat in the tree. Over and over, over and over, he played it! While the Indian men and women sat around the camp fire that night, telling stories, Ma-wa-dá-ne still played his pretty tune.

At last his father made him stop and go to bed. Even then, he took his sunflower flute with him.

As soon as the first rays of the bright morning sun peeped in at the door of the wigwam, he awoke, hurried outside, and began to play again.

"Stop that tune!" said his father.

Ma-wa-dá-ne stopped for a while, but as soon as his father had gone to care for the horses, he began again. At noon, he could hardly take time to eat. By night, everyone in the village was angry.

"Didn't I tell you to stop?" scolded his father, as he took the flute away from the boy.

"Please, Father, don't break it!" begged Ma-wa-dá-ne, but his father had already broken the flute in two, and thrown it into the fire.

That night, when it was dark, and every one was fast asleep, Ma-wa-dá-ne stole away from the Indian village. When morning came, he was nowhere to be found. His mother called him loudly, but he did not answer.

"He will come back at night," said the father.

But it was not until the next morning that Ma-wa-dá-ne was seen. Even then, they heard him before they saw him. There he sat, on the

river's bank, playing away on a brand new flute!

This flute was one he had made from a stick cut from a willow tree. Ma-wa-dá-ne had split the tree-limb down the middle, hollowed it out, cut tiny holes in one side, then tied the two parts together with some narrow pieces of skin, or leather. At the end into which he blew, he had fastened a bit of flat bone to make the flute "sing" nicely. On top he had tied a tiny rabbit that he had whittled from a piece of wood. The rabbit was put there for "good luck."

"There is Ma-wa-dá-ne!" said many of the Indians, who knew that it was he by the tune he was playing.

Ma-wa-dá-ne's father got up from his seat on a buffalo skin near the fire.

"I will take that new flute away, and break it as I did the sunflower flute!" he said.

"Oh, let him alone!" said the mother. "It is a fine song that he is playing. He has worked hard for his flute. A busy boy is not often a bad one."

So Ma-wa-dá-ne's father let him keep the flute.

"My rabbit brought me good luck, right away." said Ma-wa-dá-ne.

Ma-wa-dá-ne is now an old man. But Omaha Indian boys still love and play the song that he played as he sat on the river's bank that sunny morning, so long ago.

—*A True Story.*

QUESTIONS

1. How did Ma-wa-dá-ne make his two flutes?
2. How did Ma-wa-dá-ne hold his flute when he played? What part of the story tells you this?
3. How are flutes now held when they are played? Why is this necessary?
4. Try to whistle the song that Ma-wa-dá-ne played.

Music to Hear:

"Indian Love Song"—*Omaha Tribal Melody.* (See page 149.)

THE MAKING OF A SONG

Many years after the morning on which Ma-wa-dá-ne came back to the Indian village with his new wooden flute, a visitor came there on a visit.

This man* went to the Indian trading store, where he happened to hear an Indian boy playing on a home-made wooden flute. The boy was playing Ma-wa-dá-ne's tune. The visitor thought it a fine song. So he wrote it down in music notes, on a piece of paper.

Many days later, he looked at the bit of paper again. "What a fine melody that is!" he said. "I shall make a real art-song out of it." By this he meant that he would write a song in which both the words and the music helped to tell the story.

So he asked a friend† who was teaching school, to write some verses for his song.

The friend remembered an old legend about

* Charles Wakefield Cadman.

† Mrs. Nelle Richmond Eberhart, who taught among the Indians, at Niobrara, Nebraska.

some Indians who had stolen a beautiful Indian maiden away from her home in Minnesota, many years before. The Indians almost always called Minnesota the "Land of the Sky-Colored Water."

So, in her verses, she told the story of the Indian maiden. This Indian maiden was very lonely in her new home, and even when the friendly Indians played to her on their flutes, she would not talk to them. The verses written for the new song were called "From the Land of the Sky Blue Water."

When the verses were written, the man, who had visited the Indians, finished the music for the song.

First, he wrote a dainty bit of music to imitate the playing of an Indian flute. Then, for the tune to which the verses were sung, he used Ma-wa-dá-ne's pretty flute melody. He added other notes and bits of melody, but the *theme*, or principal part of the new *art-song*, was Ma-wa-dá-ne's flute melody.

Not long after this, the composer went back

to his home in Pittsburgh, where a great singer* was giving a concert.

He asked the great singer to try his song. She liked it so much that she sang it that night at her concert in Pittsburgh, and after that, in other cities in the United States.

How strange it would have seemed to Ma-wa-dá-ne if he could have heard the great singer that night! For the "Land of Sky Blue Water" was only his own flute song, made more beautiful and famous by the skill of the composer.

—*H. G. K.*

QUESTIONS

1. What is an *art-song?*
2. What is a *theme,* in music?
3. What famous song was made from the melody of an Indian flute-song?
4. Tell the story of this song.
5. Tell where the song was first sung.
6. What American composer wrote it?
7. How many times does the flute play in this song?

Music to Hear:

"From the Land of the Sky Blue Water"—*Cadman.*

* Madame Lillian Nordica.

INDIAN MUSIC

Ever since Columbus discovered America, men have tried to learn the meanings of the strange songs and dances that the Indians use. These Indian songs and dances are the real folk music of America.

Each tribe of Indians has its own songs. It has many special songs. Some are for games. Some are for war dances, although the Indians do not fight any more. Others are for use on great holidays.

During the past fifty or sixty years, people have learned how to record some of this strange Indian music, both on records made out of soft wax, or by listening to it and writing it down on paper. In this way, many boys and girls, who cannot visit the places where the Indians live, may now hear this strange music.

Indian tunes are almost always short. A number of composers have taken these short songs, have added more notes, and other tunes, and made them into beautiful songs with English words, or into music for great orchestras to play.

Courtesy Thurlow Lieurance

RECORDING INDIAN MUSIC

Such use of an Indian song is called the *development of a theme*. A *theme*, in music, is the main tune, or musical idea, upon which a whole piece is built. When you write a composition in your English class, the title of your composition is the theme about which you write.

Indian folk music is not like the folk music of other countries. The Indian tunes, or melodies are often very hard to sing, and the rhythm is sometimes very difficult.

The Indians have no violins, but their favorite instruments are drums, rattles, and flutes.

The Indian drum is sometimes called a "tom-tom."

The rattle is often made from a dried gourd, and the rattling of the dry seeds inside make a very pretty sound, when it is shaken in time to the music.

The flute is the favorite instrument of all Indians. With it, they can imitate the calls of birds or the cry of the night owl.

—*H. G. K.*

QUESTIONS

1. What is the oldest folk music of America?
2. Name three musical instruments used by the Indians.
3. To what "family" of instruments do each of these instruments belong? Why?
4. Name three kinds of Indian songs.
5. Are Indian songs short or long?
6. How is the Indian drum made?

Music to Hear:
"By the Waters of Minnetonka"—*Thurlow Lieurance.*

AN INDIAN LULLABY

There is an Indian village in New Mexico, not far from the Rocky Mountains, where the Indians live in high houses, called "pueblos," made out of mud and clay.

These odd looking houses are built one above the other. The Indians who live in the upper ones have to get to their homes by climbing up tall ladders.

When evening comes, the Indian mothers sit in their doorways high up in the pueblos and rock their babies to sleep while they sing.

An American composer, once visited one of these pueblos,* and heard one of the mothers singing an Indian lullaby. She sang it over and over, many times. When the visitor went to his own home, he still remembered the Indian lullaby, so he wrote down the notes of the music. Then he added English words, to take the place of most of the Indian words. He next added a flute accompaniment. The song was printed, and is now sung all over the world.

*Thurlow Lieurance at Taos, New Mexico.

Courtesy Smithsonian Institute

AN INDIAN VILLAGE IN NEW MEXICO

The Indian word "Wi-um" (wee-um) means "lullaby" or "go to sleep."

The letters "Um" are written to show where the Indian mother hummed to her baby. You will see that she always called the baby her "wee flower." The baby lay in a beautiful cradle made from skins that had been trimmed with many beads. It is this cradle that the mother means when she speaks of the "beaded bower." The "chieftain" is the baby's father. Here are the words of the song which the baby hears its mother sing:

WI–UM*

Wi-um, Wi-um,
Wi-um, Wi-um,
Hush thee, my wee flower, Um,
Sleep, my wee flower, in thy beaded bow'r
Some day you'll be a Warrior, too;
Sleep, my wee flow'r, Um.
Hush thee, my wee flow'r, Um.
When you wake, your chieftain you will see,
Tears on your cheeks, sparkle like stars,
Soon he will kiss them all away.
Wi-um, Wi-um.

—*A Pueblo Indian Lullaby.*

QUESTIONS

1. How do Indian mothers help their babies to go to sleep?
2. What does "Wi-um" mean?
3. What composer has made a fine song of this Indian lullaby?

Music to Hear:

"Wi-um" (a Lullaby of the Pueblo Indians)—*Thurlow Lieurance.* Listen for the music played by the flute.

*Used by the courteous permission of The Theodore Presser Company.

FOLLOW ME

Children go
To and fro,
In a merry, pretty row,
Footsteps light,
Faces bright,
'Tis a happy, happy sight!
Swiftly turning round and round,
Never look upon the ground;
Follow me,
Full of glee,
Singing merrily.
Work is done,
Play's begun;
Now we have our laugh and fun;
Happy days,
Pretty plays,
And no naughty, ugly ways.
Holding fast each other's hand,
We're a happy little band;
Follow me,
Full of glee,
Singing merrily.

Birds are free,
So are we;
And we live as happily.
Work we do,
Study too,
For we learn "Twice one are two."
Then we laugh, and dance, and sing,
Gay as larks upon the wing,
Follow me,
Full of glee,
Singing merrily.

—*Eliza Lee Follen.*

THE FAIRY

Oh, who is so merry
As the light-hearted fairy?
He dances and sings
To the sound of his wings,
With a hey, and a hey, and a ho!

— *Anonymous.*

Music to Hear:
"Amaryllis"—*Old French Rondo.*
"Badinage"—*Herbert.*
"Waltzes, Nos. 1, 2, and 3"—*Brahms.*

THE FIRST WATER LILY

Very early each evening there was a beautiful golden star that shone in the southern sky.

This star was so large, and shone so brightly, that everyone watched for it. Some of those who saw it, thought it more beautiful than either the moon or the sun.

In those days, the only people who lived here were the Indians, and it was because of a little Indian boy and his sister, that the great golden star did the wonderful thing of which we are told.

Each night, before they went to bed, the Indian boy and his sister would go through the woods to the edge of the lake to see the star, and to say good night to it.

One night, as they stood by the edge of the lake, looking at the star and at its image in the water, the Indian boy said: "Dear Star, we wish you were here on earth, instead of being so high in the sky. Then we might see you in the daytime, too."

The golden star heard what they said.

So, when the morning sun began to peep over the eastern sky, the great star dropped to the earth, and hid itself in the heart of a rose growing at the edge of the woods. There it lay, all day, waiting for the boy and his sister to find it. But no one came near it, and when evening came it could hear the children talking with each other.

"Our beautiful star is gone," they said. "We wanted it to come to earth to live with us. Now it is not even in the sky, where we might see it."

That night the star left the rose and flew out to the meadow, where it hid in the blossom of a buttercup. When daylight came, and many deer, buffalo, and other wild animals began to run across the prairie meadows, it was badly frightened, and said: "I cannot stay here. The wild animals will trample me down, and kill me. To-night I shall go to the lake. There, in the waters near the bank, I shall be quite safe."

When morning came, the Indian boy went through the woods to play along the bank of the lake. There he saw something white floating on the quiet water.

"Oh, Sister, come quickly!" he called. "Here is our dear star, come to earth to live beside us!"

There it is, to this day—a great white water lily with a heart of gold. It listens to the songs of birds, and to the voices of children, as they play nearby. When all the earth is fast asleep, it sways gently back and forth, and visits with its sister stars in the sky, and with those that float upon the water, close beside it.

—*An Old Indian Legend.*

QUESTIONS

1. Sing any song which you know about the stars.
2. What lullabies do you know that tell of stars?

Music to Hear:

"To a Water Lily"—*Edward MacDowell.*

ROBERT SCHUMANN

When Robert Schumann, the great German composer, was a young boy, his father kept a bookstore in a small town in Germany. Here Robert spent many happy hours reading. He learned to set type for books, and also learned to translate stories and poems. He was able to do this, because he could speak several languages well when he was still but a small boy.

Robert's father bought him a fine grand piano, one day. "Now," he said, "you and your friends may make all the music you wish to at home."

So Robert and a neighbor boy learned to play many piano duets. They often hurried home, when school was out in the afternoon, to play for their friends. After a while they started an orchestra of boys and girls who played violins, horns, and other musical instruments. Either Robert or his friend conducted the orchestra, while the other one would play the piano.

At this time, Robert was only able to play music. But after he grew up, he learned to write music as well.

One very charming piece that he wrote, which you should try to hear, or to play yourself, is his "Soldiers' March." He wrote this piece as a present for his own son's eleventh birthday. This is said to be one of the finest marches ever written, and plainly tells a story of soldiers on parade.

ROBERT SCHUMANN

Robert Schumann also wrote a piece which he called "Träumerei,"* or "Dreaming," as we would say. This is one of a set of pieces which Schumann called "Scenes from Childhood." Many people think "Träumerei" to be the most beautiful short piece of music ever written.

—*H. G. K.*

QUESTIONS

1. Who was Robert Schumann?
2. Where did he give his first concerts?

*Pronounced *Troy'-mah-rye.*

3. What instruments did their boy and girl friends play in this orchestra?
4. What instrument did Schumann or his friend play?
5. Who conducted the orchestra?
6. Name two pieces that Schumann wrote.
7. What does Träumerei mean in English?

Music to Hear:
"Soldiers' March," "Träumerei"—*Robert Schumann.*

A MESSAGE*

I am sure that Spring is here,
I'll tell you how I know:
The gayest little robin
Sweetly told me so.

He stood upon my window sill
And sang his song to me:
"Spring is here," he said to me,
As plainly as could be.

—*Maud M. Goetting.*

*From *The Kindergarten Primary Magazine.*

A FESTIVAL IN BRITTANY

Jane felt very lonely. She had come over from America to France many weeks before, when school was over. She and her mother had spent the whole summer in a tiny village, in Brittany. François, who lived next door to her aunt, was almost her only playmate. She could speak very little French, but François was able to speak good English, so they got along well together. Today, François was busy preparing for the Festival.

Jane, left to amuse herself, went slowly into the kitchen, and watched her aunt as she worked.

"What is the Festival that François talks about, so much?" she asked.

"The Festival is the greatest day of the whole year in France," answered her aunt. "Tomorrow we must be up very early, so that you can go out into the square and watch the people come to town. In the evening, you shall see the great dance."

The next morning Jane was up at daylight. Her aunt's house was built right up to the side-

walk, on one of the four sides of the village square, which was a kind of small park. A tall statue had been set up in the center of it, with a drinking fountain for the horses on one side.

Jane sat in the front doorway, watching the people as they came to town. The village dance was not to be until evening, but all through the morning, many visitors, uncles, aunts, and cousins kept coming. Each girl had on her finest dress and apron. Each wore a very beautiful cap, with pretty lace trimmings. Some of the visitors came on foot. Others drove teams of horses, and a few sat in wagons drawn by teams of strong oxen.

Jane had heard so much about the great dance that she could hardly wait until evening. When supper was over, the dishes were washed and put away. Then everyone sat down quietly about the table to visit.

"Aren't we going out to see the dance?" asked Jane.

"Oh, no! We mustn't go until they come for us," answered her aunt, with a smile.

© Cunard Co. THE PROCESSION

"Who will come for us? François has gone already," said Jane.

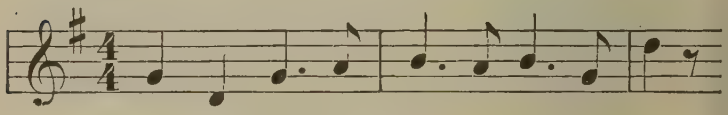
"François has gone out with the boys. Do not worry, some one will come for us. Sit quietly for a few minutes. When you hear the music begin, you may go to the back door. From there you will be able to see clear out into the country, and see the procession coming in."

"Procession!" said Jane, now very excited.

Just then, she heard a faint sound of music. She ran to the back door. What a strange sight she saw!

The two old musicians, the young men and the boys of the town, who had gone outside the

village, were marching back, playing and singing as they came. Each boy carried a lighted lantern, and the leader carried a great lighted star. Jane could hear the singing quite plainly. The song they were singing was "The March of the Three Kings."



When they reached the first house, at the edge of the village, all of those marching went in at the front door, in single file. Through the house they went, coming out through the kitchen door, singing all the while.

The doors of the houses were open, and those who marched went into each house, passing clear through it, from the front door to the kitchen. As they left each house, everyone who lived there joined the procession. Even the babies were taken along, for no one stayed at home to take care of them.

At last, they came to the house where Jane's aunt lived. In through the front door they came,

singing. Jane stood by the table and watched the whole line go by, smiling. At the end of the line was François.

"Come on, Jane!" he said, and away they went out to the village square.

Here a couple of men were rolling out two empty barrels. The musicians climbed up and got ready to play for the dancing.

They were both old men. Each of them had on a long blue smock and trousers, wooden shoes, and a round black felt hat. One of the men played an instrument that looked very much like a bagpipe. The other one played an old-fashioned flute that made a sound like a shrill, high-voiced piccolo. The music was lively and jolly.

The people started dancing, and changed partners as often as the tune changed. They danced

through all the streets and through the square, whirling about faster and faster, as the music grew more lively.

The lanterns that the boys had brought along were hung on the trees, or set on any handy place.

Suddenly the great clock in the high church tower began to strike. One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven! Eight! Nine! Ten!

The dance stopped short. Everyone said good night to his friends, and in ten minutes the square was empty. The only light that was left, was that which the moon made, as it shone over the tall church spire.

"How jolly it all was!" said Jane as she went to bed that night, "and how good the music was!'

"Yes, it was very good," said her mother. "That march through the houses was a 'Farandole,' which is very much like our game of 'Follow My Leader.' The song they were singing was the same 'March of the Three Kings' that the boys and girls sang, when they marched through France on the Children's Crusade."

—*H. G. K.*

QUESTIONS

1. What is a Farandole?
2. What song were the people in the procession singing?
3. What kind of instruments did the old musicians play?
4. What did the people do while the musicians played?
5. Name folk songs of France, Scotland, Wales, and England.

Music to Hear:

"March of the Three Kings"—*French Carol.* This music is to be found on page 66.

PRAYER AT DUSK

See the sunlight fades afar,
All the fields are still,
God has lit a lonely star
On the shadowy hill.

All the happy day is done,
Darkening night is near.
Bless and keep us every one,
Heavenly Father dear.

—*Anonymous.*

A PLEASANT DAY

Little children, come with me,
Birds and brooks and posies see,
Get your hats and come away
For it is a pleasant day.

Quickly, quickly, come away,
For it is a pleasant day.

Bring the hoop and bring the ball,
Come, with happy faces, all.
Let us make a merry ring,
Talk, and laugh, and dance, and sing.

Quickly, quickly come away,
For it is a pleasant day.

— *Old Rhyme.*

QUESTIONS

1. Tell of any weather rhymes you know.
2. Give the names of any songs about the weather.

Music to Hear:
"Running Game"—*Gurlitt.*

GEORGES BIZET

The Bizet* family, who lived in France, was very fond of music. The father was a singing teacher, and the mother played the piano beautifully. Their son, Georges Bizet, wrote much beautiful music when he grew up.

GEORGES BIZET

Georges had his first music lessons from his father and mother, and learned so quickly that when he was only nine years old, he could play difficult music well, on the piano. He also won several prizes which gave him a chance to study music in Italy. He not only learned to play and to sing, but he also wrote music for others to play and to sing.

One day Bizet set to work to write some music for the orchestra to use in a play.† This play was written about the people who lived in the city

* Bee-zay'.

† The French name of this play is "L'Arlésienne" (L'Ar-lay-zhee-ane). This means "The Woman of Arles."

of Arles, in the south of France, and was called "The Woman of Arles." One part of the play told of the celebration of the Festival in Arles.

Bizet called this piece which he wrote for the orchestra, by the same name as that of the game —"Farandole." In this piece you will hear the whole story of the Festival Dance. First, there is the "March of the Three Kings" that is sung by the procession. Then two or three measures of soft drum beats, that sound, for all the world, just as though the players are getting ready for the dance. At the end comes a jolly folk dance. Bizet made his music tell the story so clearly that you can almost hear the clatter of the wooden shoes on the stones of the old streets.

The play, for which Bizet wrote the music, is not acted any more, but the greatest orchestras in the world still play the beautiful music. The "Farandole" is one of a collection of pieces, or *suite*, taken from the play's music. Some people think that this suite, and the Spanish opera "Carmen," are the finest pieces of music that Bizet ever wrote. — *H. G. K.*

QUESTIONS

1. Who was Georges Bizet?
2. Where was Georges Bizet born?
3. To what country did he go to study music?
4. What did he learn to do while there?
5. Name two of his greatest compositions.
6. Of what is the "Farandole" by Bizet a part?

Music to Hear:
"Farandole" from Suite "L'Arlésienne"—*Bizet.*

MAY BASKETS*

In other lands the children bring
May baskets for the first of spring,
And hang them on a lady's door
To say that spring is here once more;
And when the lady comes to see
What all the sound outside may be,
She's glad; that's the way
The Swedish children keep the May.
But we can do kind things and sing
And tell *our* way the joy of spring.

—*Annette Wynne.*

* From *For Days and Days: A Treasury of Verse for Children* by Annette Wynne. Copyright 1919, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

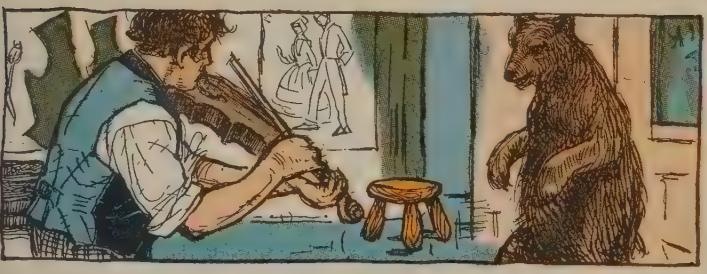
OF A TAILOR AND A BEAR

Edward MacDowell, a famous American composer, was very fond of reading fairy tales when he was a young boy. Later on, when he went to Europe, he saw many of the castles and rivers, of which his fairy tales had told him. After seeing them he loved them more than ever before.

When he needed money to give to a poor friend, he wrote a set of short music pieces and sold them. One of these pieces, "Of a Tailor and a Bear," is supposed to tell, in music, the story which Peter Grimm had told in one of his famous fairy tales.

Since some music tells a story, one can often tell—especially if he knows what the composer was thinking of when he wrote the music—exactly what each part of it is meant to tell. The story of this piece tells of a tailor who loved music, and who always kept his violin near his work bench, so that he might play when he was not busy with his sewing.

While at work one day, he heard a great noise outside his door, but thinking nothing of it, kept



on with his work. All of a sudden, he was terribly frightened to see a big bear walk in.

The tailor did not know what to do until he remembered that bears are supposed to like music. So he reached under his bench for his violin and began to tune it.

Luckily, the bear raised himself up on his hind legs as soon as the first sounds of music started, and began to dance around the room, growling as he went. That was his way of saying that he liked the music, for this was a tame dancing bear, although the tailor did not know it. Soon the bear grew tired of dancing. It got down on its four feet again and went out of the door.

The tailor was very glad to see it go because he had been very badly frightened—even if he did think of playing his violin.

Just as he started to sew again, the bear growled once more outside his door. But as, in the music, we do not hear it dance again, we can imagine that the bear's master must have found it, and taken it away.

The poor tailor was so happy to think that he was really safe, that he went right to work, and whistled away cheerily as he heard the grumbling bear go farther and farther away.

— *Adapted from Grimm's Fairy Tales.*

QUESTIONS

1. Who was Edward MacDowell?
2. What did he do to get money for a poor friend?
3. What was the name of one of the pieces?
4. Tell the name of the instrument that the tailor kept by his side.
5. How did the bear act when the tailor played the instrument?
6. To what "Family of Instruments" does this instrument belong?

Music to Hear:

"Of a Tailor and a Bear"—*Edward MacDowell.*

THE CHINESE NIGHTINGALE

A great and good Emperor once lived in China. This Emperor had the most beautiful palace in the world—at least, so the people who lived in China thought. All about this palace, was a beautiful garden. At the edge of the garden was a deep, dark forest, and in this forest there lived and sang, a nightingale.

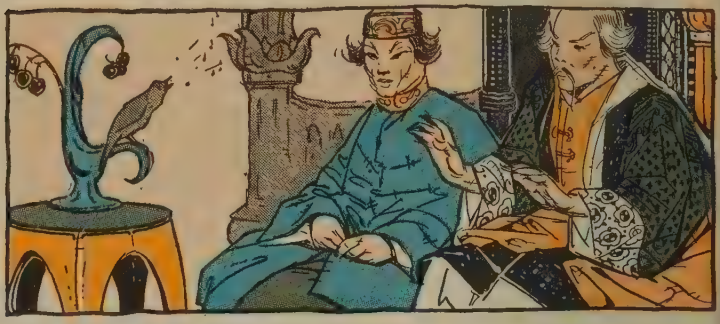
When the Emperor heard about the nightingale, he told his servants to go to the woods, and ask the nightingale to come and sing at the palace.

"Dear Nightingale," said the chamberlain, that night, "the Emperor has sent me to find you. He wishes you to come to the palace and sing for him there."

"Why should I go to the palace to sing?" asked the nightingale. "I am happier here in my beautiful woods."

"You will make the Emperor very happy if you do go," answered the chamberlain.

So the brown bird went back with him to the palace. As they passed through the garden, they



could hear all the tiny bells ringing from their hiding places on the stems of the flowers, where the Emperor had tied them.

"Here, dear Emperor, is the nightingale," said the chamberlain, with a low bow, as he came to the Emperor's throne.

Then the nightingale sang. So charmed was the Emperor, and so charmed were all the great lords and ladies, that it seemed that they could never hear it enough.

"I am glad that you have liked my song," the nightingale said. "But now I must go back to my home in the deep, green woods."

"Oh, do not go!" said the Emperor, and one of the lords caught the nightingale, and put it into a cage.

"Now," said the Emperor, "you shall be called 'Court Singer.'"

The nightingale was very unhappy.

"Why did they shut me up in a cage?" it said. "Every one knows that I cannot sing in a cage."

One day, when the door of the cage was opened, to put in food, the nightingale slipped out, and flew, through the open window, into the woods.

How the Emperor did miss his little singer! He was not satisfied until one of his lords made a little toy bird, and brought it to him. This toy bird could only sing when it was wound up, and even then its voice was very loud and shrill. But, one day, the spring in the toy bird broke, and it could sing no more.

Then, the Emperor fell sick. Nothing that was done could cure him. The lords and ladies feared that he would never be well again. Everyone talked about the Emperor and his sickness. At last the birds in the forest heard of it.

"I must go back and sing for our Emperor," said the nightingale to the other birds.

"He will shut you up again," said they.

"That will not matter if only I can make him happy," said the little bird.

Back it flew, straight through the open window, into the Emperor's room. There, it lit on the bedpost and began to sing. What sweet music came from its tiny throat!

The Emperor heard the music, but thought he must be dreaming. "If only I might hear my nightingale again," he said.

"Here I am, dear Emperor," said the nightingale, and sang again.

"Oh, dear Nightingale, you have made me better already," said the Emperor. From that day, he was sick no longer. He never tied the nightingale or shut it up again, but each night, just before he went to sleep, he would open his window. Then the bird would fly to the window sill, and sing for him there.

—*Old Legend of China.*

Music to Hear:

"Frasquita Serenade"—*Lehar.*

This old Chinese legend has been told in music by Stravinsky. The music may be heard both in a ballet, and in an opera, called "The Nightingale." Both ballet and opera are by the same composer.

THE FOUNTAIN*

Into the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night.

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow.

Into the starlight
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day.

— *James Russell Lowell.*

QUESTIONS

1. What instrument best suggests the rippling waters of a fountain?
2. Find a picture of a Harp. Tell what you know about Harps.

Music to Hear:
"The Fountain"—*Zabel.*

*Used by the courteous permission of Houghton Mifflin Company.

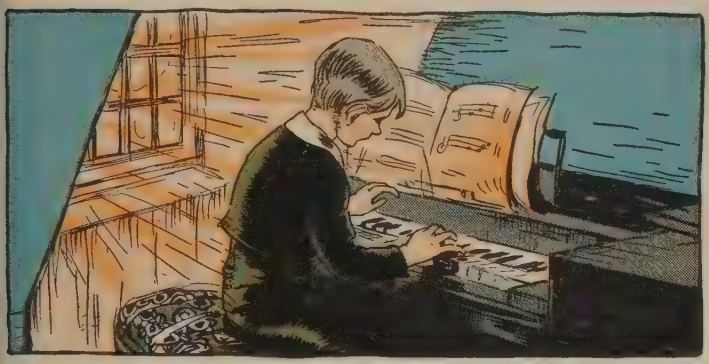
SWEET AND LOW

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea;
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea;
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon and blow,
Blow him again to me,
While my little one,
While my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon,
Sleep, my little one,
Sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

— *Alfred, Lord Tennyson.*

Music to Sing and to Hear:
"Sweet and Low"—*Tennyson-Barnby.*



THE FAMOUS "WATER MUSIC"

You have already read* the story of George Frederick Handel, and of the spinet upon which he used to practice in the attic, by moonlight.

When Handel grew up, and was about eighteen years old, he took a long journey. That is, it seemed quite a long journey to him, for people did not have trains and automobiles, in those days, and did not go visiting so often. On this trip, Handel went to the city of Hamburg. There he learned a great deal about conducting music, or directing other musicians while they played. To do this he would sit at the harpsichord, and play upon it with one hand, while he

*Book Two.

kept time for the players by waving the other hand in the air.

After he had been in Hamburg for a few weeks, Handel began playing the violin in the orchestra at the great Opera House. This was very fine, for, besides having the money that was paid him for playing, Handel had a good chance to hear all the beautiful music of the operas, and the fine singers who sang in them. One night, when the regular conductor of the opera house orchestra had to be away, Handel was asked to take his place.

But Handel became tired of Hamburg, and before very long, he went to Italy. There he heard some more good music. He also learned how an opera should be written. "Some day, when I am older, I shall write an opera, myself," he said to some friends.

At last Handel thought he had better go home. When he reached there, a very wonderful thing happened to him. He was chosen Chapel Master for the Prince of Hanover.

At that time, a prince, or any other great man,

often kept an orchestra in his palace, so that he might have concerts of good music, each day. A very fine musician was always chosen to direct the players in this orchestra, and to write new pieces of music for them to play. This man was given the important title of Chapel Master.

Handel was very proud of this title, but he had become so used to going about and seeing new things that he soon grew tired of staying in one place. So he asked the Prince to let him go to England for a short visit.

The Prince liked Handel so well that he was glad to let him go for a visit.

Handel had not meant to stay in England more than a few weeks, but after he reached London, he thought he would try writing an opera. "I shall make my opera quite different from the operas the other composers have written," he said.

To make it different, he not only wrote very fine music, but he arranged pretty scenes that were new and interesting. One thing that he did made crowds of people come to see the opera

each night. There was a garden scene in the opera, and each night, a flock of live sparrows were let loose, so as to make the garden seem like a real one. The name of the opera was "Rinaldo."

After the opera was given, Handel went back home to Germany, and the Prince forgave him for staying away so long.

Before he had been home long, Handel again asked the Prince to let him visit England. This time he did not go back to Germany at all, but stayed in England, playing and writing new music.

This made the Prince very angry. "Handel shall never play for me again. I shall never forgive him for leaving me in this way!" said the Prince. Still everything might have been all right for Handel if one thing had not happened. But it did happen. The King of England died, and the Prince of Hanover was called from Germany to become George the First, King of England!

What was Handel to do? He could not stay in England, with the King still so angry with

him. But a few days later, one of Handel's best friends came to tell him of a plan of which he had thought.

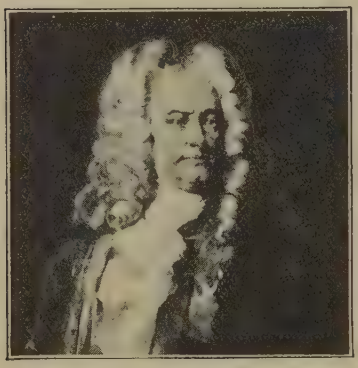
"The King and all of the royal family are planning to spend a day in the country very soon," said his friend. "When they return to the city, they are going to float down the Thames River on a large barge, or flat-bottomed boat. Everyone will come down to the shore of the river to see them go by. My plan is for us to hire another boat, place a band of musicians on it, and float down the river right behind the King."

"That is a wonderful plan," said Handel. "I will write some beautiful music for the band to play, and direct the musicians as they play."

So Handel set to work. When the great day came, the new music was all ready. The band in the barge, that floated behind that of the King, played so well that the King was greatly pleased.

"I must know who that fine musician is, directing the band," said he. So, a messenger was sent to ask the musician in charge, to come before the King to receive his thanks. You can imagine his

surprise when he saw that it was his old-time Chapel Master who was honoring him in this very delightful and pleasant manner.



HANDEL

The King forgave Handel and asked him to come to the palace and teach the Princess to play. He also promised to give him a large sum of money each year, as long as he lived.

The music which Handel wrote for the band to play behind the King's barge is still played. It was a "Suite," or collection of little pieces, and it is always called the "Water Music."

—*H. G. K.*

QUESTIONS

1. What did Handel learn when he was in Hamburg?
2. How were orchestras conducted in early days?
3. What was a harpsichord?
4. What instrument did Handel play in the Opera House at Hamburg?

5. How did this help him?
6. What did Handel learn in Italy?
7. What were the duties of a Chapel Master?
8. Write the name of the opera written by Handel when he was in London.
9. Why did King George forgive Handel?
10. What was the music which Handel wrote for this occasion?

Music to Hear—Compositions by Handel:

"The Water Music" (A Suite, made up of seven parts).

"The Harmonious Blacksmith" (This is a piece which Handel wrote for the Princess to play. It is sometimes called one of the "Princess' Lessons." There were no pianos when the Princess learned to play it. She played upon a harpsichord, an instrument that looked quite like our old square grand pianos. Ask your teacher to let you hear this music as played [or recorded] on a harpsichord and on a piano. Listen to hear the difference in the sound of these two instruments, which look so much alike).

A PRAYER

Dear Lord, I've had a happy day,
With food and loving care and play,
And now the day is done.
Bless every little child of thine;
May their days be as glad as mine;
Dear Lord, bless every one.

—*Anonymous.*

THE RAIN HARP*

When out of doors is full of rain,
I look out through the windowpane
And see the branches of the trees
Like people, dancing to the breeze.
I listen, and I hear the sound
Of music floating all around,
And fancy 'tis the Breeze who plays
Upon his harp on stormy days.

The strings are made of rain, and when
The branches wish to dance again,
They whisper to the Breeze, and he
Begins another melody.
I've heard him play the pretty things
Upon those slender, shining strings;
And when he's done—he's very sharp
He always hides away the harp.

—*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

Music to Hear:
"Old Folks at Home"—*Stephen Foster.*

*Used by the courteous permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN AND HIS FLUTE

There is no story in any country that tells so beautifully of the magic power of music as does the old legend of the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

Once, long, long ago, the old German town of Hamelin, which is built on the banks of a big river, was full of rats. There were so many rats in the town that the people who lived there said that if something was not done to get rid of them, they would not live there any longer.

So everyone tried every way he knew, to drive the rats from the town. But each day, there were more rats in the streets and in the houses than had been there the day before. A famous poet wrote about these rats in a fine poem:

"Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking

With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats."

About this time a strange Piper came to town. The Piper's coat was one half yellow and one half red. He carried a pipe, or flute, which he played as he walked through the streets of Hamelin Town. The Piper went to the Mayor of the town, and to the other men who lived in Hamelin.

"I know a way to get rid of all these rats," he said to them.

The Mayor and all the men were very glad to hear him say this.

"We will give you a large sum of money if you get rid of the rats," they said. This was a very fine offer, for the sum of money they were going to give the Piper was equal to twenty thousand dollars.

The strange Piper went out into the streets of the town. He began to play sweet music on his flute as he walked along.

As soon as the rats heard the music, they ran out of their hiding places and followed him. More and more rats kept coming. No one ever

saw so many rats! There were thousands and thousands of them. Each rat tried to get ahead of all the other rats so as to be nearer the player and his sweet music.

"And out of the houses the rats came tumbling,
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives."

The Piper walked on, playing his pipe all the while. When he came to the bank of the river, on the south side of the town, he did not stop, but walked right on. The rats followed him into the river, and were all drowned except one old rat.

The Mayor and the people of Hamelin were very happy because the rats were gone. They

even went to the church and rang all the bells that hung in the steeple.

Then the Piper came back into the town, and went to see the Mayor.

"I have got rid of the rats in Hamelin," said the Piper. "Please give me the money you promised."

But the Mayor and people would not pay the Piper!

"You earned that money too easily," they said to him.

"You will be sorry if you are not honest, and do not pay me," said the Piper.

But they *would not* pay him!

Then the Piper went into the streets again. This time he played another tune and a much sweeter one than the one he played when the rats followed him. Such magic music had never been heard in all the land! All the children of Hamelin ran out of the houses when they heard the sweet music, just as the rats had done.

The Piper did not speak a single word. But the boys and girls understood the soft sweet tones

of the music, which told of a wonderful, fairy land. In this fairy land, the music said, were beautiful flowers, and birds that sang from the trees, day and night. All day long, children could sail on the rivers and on the lakes in tiny fairy boats.

The Piper's music told the children that he would lead them right into that fairy land, and so they followed him. Before he had played three notes,

"Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes
clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,

Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter."

Down the street the Piper led the children. Mothers and fathers called to them, but they did not hear or answer.

When the Piper reached the river this time, he turned to the West, to the great mountains that stood there. Then,

"As they reached the mountain-side,
A wonderful doorway opened wide,
As if a cave was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed.
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast."

The old legend tells us that there were one hundred and thirty boys and girls who went into the mountain that day so long ago. Not one of

them ever came back, and they could never be found, although their fathers and mothers tried and tried so hard to find them.

All this happened many long years ago. Yet the mothers and fathers in Hamelin still tell the story to their children. The street through which the Piper and the children went, on their way to the mountain, is always called the "Street of the Children." In this street there is set up a large stone. On its side is cut the date, "June 26, 1284." That is the day upon which the Piper is said to have charmed the boys and girls away. Up the street a little farther there is a statue of the Piper.

Every year, when the twenty-sixth of June comes round, all the people who live in Hamelin have a great holiday in memory of the children who followed the Piper.

On that day, the whole town is full of rats again. But these are not live rats. Instead, they are little cakes and cookies made into the shape of a rat. And all the stores in town have tiny flutes, like the one the Piper played, for sale.

The boys and girls of Hamelin still love music, and they sing, and play it, all the year round. But no one is ever allowed to sing or play any music on the street through which the children followed the Piper, so long ago. That is to be a silent street, forever.

— *An Old German Legend and Verses by Robert Browning.*

QUESTIONS

1. How did the Pied Piper get rid of the rats?
2. What instrument did he play?
3. Why did the children follow him when he began to play?
4. What did the music tell them?
5. What is the name of the street in Hamelin, where no music may be played?
6. Act this story out. One may be the *Mayor;* one may be the *Piper;* others may be the men of Hamelin. The class may first act the part of the rats that followed the Piper to the river, and then the part of the boys and girls of Hamelin who followed the Piper into the mountain-side.

Music in which flutes are heard:
"Tarantella"—*Mendelssohn.*

RECORDS USED WITH LESSONS

Page	Composition	Composer	Played or Sung by	Victor Record No.
1	Listen to the Mocking Bird	*Winner*	Violin, 'Cello, and Piano	19894
2	March of the Toys	*Victor Herbert*	Light Orchestra	55054
8	On the Bridge at Avignon	*French Folk Song*	Orchestra	19723
9	All Through the Night	*Welsh Folk Song*	Tenor	6318
9	Auld Lang Syne	*Scotch Folk Song*	Tenor	862
13	On the Bridge at Avignon	*French Folk Song*	Orchestra	19723
13	London Bridge	*Singing Game*	Band	.....*
14	Who Has Seen the Wind?	*Alys Bentley*	Soprano with Orch.	19831
17	Mr. Duck and Mr. Turkey	*Neidlinger*	Soprano	.....
18	The Windmill	*Folk Song*	Soprano	19891
22	The Marseillaise	*de Lisle*	Bass	6557
24	The Sandman	*Grant-Schaefer*	Soprano	.....
24	Hush-a-bye, Angel	*Bohemian Song*	.....	.....
24	Lullaby	*Brahms*	Viola	20174
24	Cradle Song	*Schubert*	'Cello and Piano	20079
26	Nightingale Song	*Zeller*	Soprano	19889
26	Warblings at Eve	*Richards*	Orchestra	19849
27	The Leaves' Party	*Gaynor*	Soprano	.....
34	The Music Box	*Liadow*	Wind Instruments	19923
34	Morning	*Grieg*	Flute, Oboe, and Piano	19926
34	Elfin Dance	*Grieg*	Flute and Piano	20079
34	The Jasmine Flower	*Chinese*	Soprano	.....
38	Looby Loo	*Singing Game*	Band	20214
39	The Owl	*Gaynor*	Soprano	.....
42	Wind Amongst the Trees	*Briccialdi*	Flute	.....
42	Dance of the Goblins	*Bazzini*	.....	6159
42	Ghosts	*Kinscella*	Piano and Orch.	20159

*Records listed without numbers are in preparation, October, 1926.

Page	Composition	Composer	Played or Sung by	Victor Record No.
42	Jack-o'-Lantern	*Gaynor*	.....	.....
52	Humoresque	*Dvořák*	Violin, 'Cello, and Harp	20130
52	At Evening	*Friml-Kramer*	Violin	1160
54	Round and Round the Village	*Old Singing Game*	Band	.....
55	Scherzo	*Beethoven*	Bassoon	20164
55	Thanksgiving Song	*Gaynor*	Soprano	.....
58	Indian Children's Game Song	*Omaha Tribal Melody*	Flute	20164
59	Chant of the Eagle Dancers	*Indian Melody.*	Hopi Indians	20043
62	Tambourin	*Godowsky*	Piano	45508
69	March of the Three Kings	*Old French Carol*	.....	.....
70	The Slumber Boat	*Riley-Gaynor*	Orchestra	35781
70	The Land of Nod.	*Riley-Gaynor*	.....	.....
70	Andantino	*Lemare-Saenger*	Violin	1165
77	Duke of Marlborough	*Crusaders' Song*	Male Chorus	20152
77	War Song of the Normans	*Old Song*	Male Chorus	20152
77	Merci Clamant	*de Coucy*	Tenor	20227
77	Crusaders' Hymn	*Old Song*	Male Chorus	20152
78	The First Nowell.	*French Carol*	Trombone	20174
81	A Shepherd's Song	*French Carol*	Piano and Orch.	20158
81	Adeste Fidelis	*Portugal*	Bells	20174
86	God Loves Me	*Baker-Kohlsaat*	Soprano	.....
86	Evening Bells	*Kinscella*	Piano and Orchestra.	20154
87	Reindeer Running	*Anderson*	Orchestra	18253
87	Evening Song	*Schumann*	String Orch.	19854
88	Silent Night	*Franz Grüber*	Light Orchestra	19820
91	Air for G String	*Bach*	Orchestra	55105
93	Dance of Automatons	*Delibes*	Orchestra	6586
97	The Nutcracker Suite	*Tschaikowsky*	Orchestra	45053
98	The Bunny	*Neidlinger*	Soprano	20073
99	Little Chickens and Snow Birds	*Old Folk Song*	Soprano	20073

Page	Composition	Composer	Played or Sung by	Victor Record No.
103	Circus Parade March	*Kinscella*	Piano and Orch.	20154
110	Yankee Doodle	*National Air*	Band	20166
118	Andantino	*Raymond*	Oboe and Piano	20079
118	Go, Pretty Rose	*Marshall*	Violin, Flute, and Piano	19926
118	Voice of Love	*Schumann*	Flute, 'Cello, and Piano	20150
118	Canzonetta	*Mendelssohn*	String Quartet	20161
117	Valse in G Flat	*Chopin-Spalding*	Violin	1154
117	Menuett	*Paderewski*	Viola	20164
117	Nocturne in E Flat	*Chopin*	'Cello	6589
117	Home, Sweet Home	*Payne*	Harp	4001
117	O, Vermeland	*Swedish Folk Song*	String Orch.	19923
119	Heel and Toe Polka	*Old Dance*	Orchestra	19909
119	Song of the Volga Boatmen	*Russian Folk*	Violin	1122
119	Menuet	*Bach*	Violin	1136
119	Gavotte	*Beethoven*	Violin	1136
120	Berceuse from "Jocelyn"	*Godard*	Violin, 'Cello, and Harp	20130
123	Ding Dong Bell	*Kinscella*	Piano and Orch.	20156
123	Evening Bells	*Kullak*	Celesta and Bells	20079
125	Chinese Orchestra Music	*Chinese Airs*	Bells, Gongs, and Flutes	42480
126	Wing Foo	*Alys Bentley*	Soprano and Orch.	19831
126	Feast of the Lanterns	*Elliott*	.....	.....
128	Tinkling Bells	*Behr*	Piano and Orch.	20160
128	Legend of the Bells	*Planquette*	Bells	20164
129	Lightly Row	*Spanish Folk Song*	Piano and Orch.	20158
131	Norwegian Mountain March	*Folk Dance*	Band	20151
134	Waltzing Doll	*Poldini*	Celesta	20161
134	Menuet	*Gluck*	Orchestra Bells	.....
134	Menuet	*Mozart*	Orchestra Bells	.....
137	Minuet in G	*Beethoven*	Cornet Duet	20164
137	Musette	*Bach*	Piano and Orchestra	20158

Page	Composition	Composer	Played or Sung by	Victor Record No.
137	Gavotte in F Major	*Beethoven*	Piano	6592
137	Spring Song	*Mendelssohn*	Instrumental Quartet	20195
137	Songs of Our Native Birds	*Kellogg*	Nature Singer	35785
138	The Wild Wind	*Folk Song*		
143	A Toy	*Japanese Folk Song*	Japanese Singer	50221 50222
143	Our Flag	*Japanese Folk Song*	Japanese Singer	50221 50222
143	My Doll	*Japanese Folk Song*	Japanese Singer	50221 50222
143	The Turtle and the Rabbit	*Japanese Folk Song*	Japanese Singer	50221 50222
143	Koto Music	*Japanese Airs*	Koto	11170 11171
143	The Jap Doll	*Gaynor*	Soprano	
145	A May Morning	*Denza*		
145	Serenata	*Moszkowski*	Violin and Piano	20079
145	Moment Musical	*Schubert*	'Cello	1143
148	Fairies	*Schubert*	Orchestra	19882
156	From the Land of the Sky Blue Water	*Cadman*	Violin	1115
156	From the Land of the Sky Blue Water	*Cadman*	Soprano	1140
159	By the Waters of Minnetonka	*Thurlow Lieurance*	Soprano	18431
162	Wi-um	*Lieurance*		
164	Amaryllis	*French Rondo*	Orchestra	20169
164	Badinage	*Herbert*	Piccolo	20164
164	Waltzes Nos. 1, 2, and 3	*Brahms*	Orchestra	20162
167	To a Water Lily	*MacDowell*	Orchestra	1152
170	Soldiers' March	*Schumann*	Piano and Orch.	20158
170	Träumerei	*Schumann*	String Orch.	19854
178	Running Game	*Gurlitt*	Orchestra	20162
181	Farandole	*Bizet*	Orchestra	
184	Of a Tailor and a Bear	*MacDowell*	Orchestra	20153
188	Frasquita Serenade	*Lehar*	Violin	1158
189	The Fountain	*Zabel*	Flute and Harp	
190	Sweet and Low	*Barnby*	Violin	20174

Page	Composition	Composer	Played or Sung by	Victor Record No.
197	The Water Music	*Handel*	Orchestra	.....
197	Air from "Harmonious Blacksmith"	*Handel*	Piano and Orch.	20160
197	Air from "Harmonious Blacksmith"	*Handel*	Harpsichord	.....
198	Old Folks at Home	*Stephen Foster*	Harp	4001
206	Tarantella	*Mendelssohn*	Flute, Clarinet, and Piano	20079

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF MUSIC AND RECORDS USED

Composition	Composer	Victor Record No.	Page
Adeste Fidelis	*Portugal*	20174	81
Air for G String	*Bach*	55105	91
Air from Harmonious Blacksmith	*Handel*	20160	197
Air from Harmonious Blacksmith	*Handel*	.....	197
All Through the Night	*Welsh Folk Song*	6318	9
Amaryllis	*French Rondo*	20169	164
Andantino	*Lemare-Saenger*	1165	70
Andantino	*Raymond*	20079	113
At Evening	*Friml-Kramer*	1160	52
Auld Lang Syne	*Scotch Folk Song*	862	9
Badinage	*Herbert*	20164	164
Berceuse from "Jocelyn"	*Godard*	20130	120
Bunny, The	*Neidlinger*	20073	98
By the Waters of Minnetonka	*Thurlow Lieurance*	18431	159
Canzonetta	*Mendelssohn*	20161	113
Chant of the Eagle Dancers	*Indian Melody*	20043	59
Chinese Orchestra Music	*Chinese Airs*	42480	125
Circus Parade March	*Kinscella*	20154	103
Cradle Song	*Schubert*	20079	24
Crusaders' Hymn	*Old Song*	20152	77
Dance Characteristic	*Tschaikowsky*	.....	97
Dance of Automatons	*Delibes*	6586	93
Dance of the Goblins	*Bazzini*	6159	42

Composition	Composer	Victor Record No.	Page
Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy	*Tschaikowsky*	45053	97
Dance of the Toy Flutes	*Tschaikowsky*	45053	97
Danse Arabe	*Tschaikowsky*	45053	97
Danse Chinoise	*Tschaikowsky*	45053	97
Ding Dong Bell	*Kinscella*	20156	123
Duke of Marlborough	*Crusaders' Song*	20152	77
Elfin Dance	*Grieg*	20079	34
Evening Bells	*Kinscella*	20154	86
Evening Bells	*Kullak*	20079	123
Evening Song	*Schumann*	19854	87
Fairies	*Schubert*	19882	148
Farandole	*Bizet*	.....	181
Feast of the Lanterns	*Elliott*	.....	126
First Nowell, The	*French Carol*	20174	78
Fountain, The	*Zabel*	.....	189
Frasquita Serenade	*Lehar*	1158	188
Gavotte	*Beethoven*	1136	119
Gavotte in F Major	*Beethoven*	6592	137
God Loves Me	*Baker-Kohlsaat*	.....	86
Go, Pretty Rose	*Marzials*	19926	113
Ghosts	*Kinscella*	20159	42
Heel and Toe Polka	*Old Dance*	19909	119
Home, Sweet Home	*Payne*	4001	117
Humoresque	*Dvořák*	20130	52
Hush-a-bye, Angel	*Bohemian Song*	.....	24
Indian Children's Game Song	*Omaha Tribal Melody.*	20164	58
Jack-o'Lantern	*Gaynor*	.....	42
Jap Doll, The	*Gaynor*	.....	143
Jasmine Flower, The	*Chinese*	.....	34
Koto Music	*Japanese Airs*	{11170} {11171}	143
Land of Nod, The	*Riley-Gaynor*	.....	70
Land of the Sky Blue Water, From the	*Cadman*	1115	156
Land of the Sky Blue Water, From the	*Cadman*	1140	156
Leaves' Party, The	*Gaynor*	.....	27
Legend of the Bells	*Planquette*	20164	128
Lightly Row	*Spanish Folk Song*	20158	129
Little Chickens and Snow Birds	*Old Folk Song*	20073	99
Listen to the Mocking Bird	*Winner*	19894	1
London Bridge	*Singing Game*	.....	13
Looby Loo	*Singing Game*	20214	38
Lullaby, The	*Brahms*	20174	24

Composition	Composer	Victor Record No.	Page
March of the Three Kings	*Old French Carol*	.....	69
March of the Toys	*Victor Herbert*	55054	2
Marseillaise, The	*de Lisle*	6557	22
May Morning, A	*Denza*	.....	145
Menuet	*Bach*	1136	119
Menuet	*Gluck*	.....	134
Menuet	*Mozart*	.....	134
Menuett	*Paderewski*	20164	117
Merci Clamant	*de Coucy*	20227	77
Minuet in G	*Beethoven*	20164	137
Moment Musical	*Schubert*	1143	145
Morning	*Grieg*	19926	34
Mr. Duck and Mr. Turkey	*Neidlinger*	.....	17
Musette	*Bach*	20158	137
Music Box, The	*Liadow*	19923	34
My Doll	*Japanese Folk Song*	50221 50222	143
Nightingale Song	*Zeller*	19889	26
Nocturne in E Flat	*Chopin*	6589	117
Norwegian Mountain March	*Folk Dance*	20151	131
Nutcracker Suite, The	*Tschaikowsky*	45053	97
O, Vermeland	*Swedish Folk Song*	19923	117
Of a Tailor and a Bear	*MacDowell*	20153	184
Old Folks at Home	*Stephen Foster*	4001	198
On the Bridge at Avignon.	*French Folk Song*	19723	8 13
Our Flag	*Japanese Folk Song*	50221 50222	143
Owl, The	*Gaynor*	.....	39
Reindeer Running	*Anderson*	18253	87
Round and Round the Village	*Old Singing Game*	.....	54
Running Game	*Gurlitt*	20162	178
Sandman, The	*Grant-Schaefer*	.....	24
Scherzo	*Beethoven*	20164	55
Serenata	*Moskowski*	20079	145
Shepherd's Song, A	*French Carol*	20158	81
Silent Night	*Franz Grüber*	19820	88
Slumber Boat, The	*Riley-Gaynor*	35781	70
Soldiers' March	*Schumann*	20158	170
Song of the Volga Boatmen	*Russian Folk Song*	1122	119
Songs of our Native Birds	*Kellogg*	35785	137
Spring Song	*Mendelssohn*	20195	137
Sweet and Low	*Barnby*	20174	190
Tambourin	*Godowsky*	45508	62

Composition	Composer	Victor Record No.	Page
Tarantella	*Mendelssohn*	20079	206
Thanksgiving Song	*Gaynor*	.....	55
Tinkling Bells	*Behr*	20160	128
To a Water Lily	*MacDowell*	1152	167
Toy, A	*Japanese Folk Song*	50221 50222	143
Träumerei	*Schumann*	19854	170
Turtle and the Rabbit, The	*Japanese Folk Song*	50221 50222	143
Valse in G Flat	*Chopin-Spalding*	1154	117
Voice of Love	*Schumann*	20150	113
Waltz of the Flowers	*Tschaikowsky*	.....	97
Waltzes	*Brahms*	20162	164
Waltzing Doll	*Poldini*	20161	134
Warblings at Eve	*Richards*	19849	26
War Song of the Normans	*Old Song*	20152	77
Water Music, The	*Handel*	.....	197
Who Has Seen the Wind?	*Alys Bentley*	19831	14
Windmill, The	*Folk Song*	19891	18
Wind Amongst the Trees	*Briccialdi*	55109	42
Wild Wind, The	*Folk Song*	.....	138
Wing Foo	*Alys Bentley*	19831	126
Wi-um	*Lieurance*	.....	162
Yankee Doodle	*National Air*	20166	110